REMARKS

ON THE

WRITINGS and CONDUCT

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Dead flies cauſe the ointment of the apothecary to ſend forth a ſtinking ſavour: ſo doth a little folly, him that is in reputation for wiſdom and honour.

SOLOMON.

-------on n'a jamais oui dire qu'un peintre, qui expoſe en public un tableau, ſoit obligé de viſiter les yeux des ſpectateurs, et de fournir des lunettes à tous ceux qui en ont beſoin. LETTR. à MR. GRIM.

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MDCCLXVII.

ERRATA.

P. 4, l. 16, for *region* read *legion*. P. 27, l. 15, after *life* put *ſprang*. P. 39, note, l. 5, for *ſet* read *et*. P. 41. line 2, read *pit*. P. 46, note 1, l. 6, read *doctrine*. Ibid. note 2, l. 4, read *adhering*. P. 50, note, l. 5, read *lives* for *lifes*. P. 81, l. 1 of note 2, inſtead of *their*, read *the*. P. 111, l. 4, dele interrogation. P. 113, note, l. 4, read *qu'à* for *qui à*.

THE PREFACE.

READER, who by chance (for to his accidental majesty I consecrate this book) dost happen to light on these leaves, misconstrue not to pedagogic rage or lust of truth my motive for leading thee this ramble.—

And first—because it has been decided by the voice of the world, "That truth is "not to be told."——Throw a glance on society—open the annals of time—Truth has been—and is—the destroyer of peace—and the parent of revolution—

And will be ſo—for this plain reaſon—becauſe it is of epidemic nature---becauſe a man cannot ſee, or fancy to ſee its moſt tranſient ſpark---but with dog-ſtar rage he will purſue it through thick and thin---ſink the mob at his heels in the quagmires which the jack-a-lanthorn dances o'er,---or at their head break thro' all the barricades of power, nets of politics, and cobwebs of ſpeculation---tear the cordage of intereſt---nay, ſpare not even the ſilken ties of temper and affection, to come at it.

Had it not---to give a few *modern* inſtances---had it not been for theſe paroxyſms of his, could *Luther* have indulged himſelf quietly in the fat luxury of a convent—*Leon*'s golden age of literature and taſte had not been overrun by the armies of Fanaticiſm; *Charles*, *Philip*, and *Alba*, had not

turned

turned their red-hot furies looſe on *Europe*; the bells of *Bartholomew*'s night had not been rung; *Smithfield*, *Merindol*, *Cabrieres*, and *Thoulouſe*, would not have blazed; the *Henrys*, the *Louis*', the *****, would not have been ſtabbed —abominated—expelled; no *Holy Tribunal* would ſmother the howlings of humanity —nor earthquakes ſhake a throne; Truth—the wretched victim itſelf—had not been torn to tatters under the hands of its defenders;—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt—the Virgin—and their hoſt of black, white, and grey—had not been darted upon *Luther*—*Luther* had not damned *Zwingli*—*Calvin* had not burnt *Servet*——a Biſhop might have ſignified ſomething above a paper mitre—no ſneaking, praying, pſalm-ſinging, ſcripture-expounding villain would have been called a diſſenter—the

Moravians would not have adored their aſs in the dark—no ſpirit had whipt into a maid's head—the Quakers would not work their damnation with fear and trembling———in ſhort—we might all be of one mind—jolly fellows———and peaceably enjoy each our *rib of the word made fleſh*,———as Boccaccio ſays.———

The horrid outlines of ſo petty an article in the catalogue of truth as Luther—and its length of appendages—force me to ſkip the reſt—how it is owing to the ſame itch of propagating truth, that America is made a ſlaughter-houſe—and Africa a ſtable——; how, from the ſame pruriency of tongue, to call each thing by its own name, quarrels brutalize the mob, and duels mangle the breaſt of urbanity---; whilſt prying---hag-eyed Curioſity---bids Infamy blow

the

the trumpet of Fame, pierces the ſanctuaries of power---drags their hobby-horſes into light--and on your *Greves*, *Terreaux*, and *Tyburns* racks, burns, hangs, and ſmaſhes the bones of every government, ſociety, and police under the moon.

If from theſe remarks it follows evidently, that truth ought not to be told in civil matters---it may be preſumed, that it can be of little uſe in ſpeculation ---for ſuch I take *now* to be, what is commonly called *moral truth*.——Dive from the turnkeys of ſtate---the nobles that demand what right God has to be God---the chaplains that *anthem* the "*thing*,"---down to the mugfluſh'd crews of the news-flag, or the frantic clubs of clerks and 'prentices deſtined for a fly-ſh--t mouth at Juliet's balcony--dive---and

tell me---what are the ravings of nature to the politician? the virulence of morality to the herds of pleaſure? what to the man of buſineſs the implacability of duty?---Curſed marplots they are---and long ago have been kicked out of all good company.---Their ha-ha's yawn ſo ghaſtly upon ye, they force upon your eye and mind, perſpectives, conſequences, proportions, ſo abſurd, that nobody truly in love with himſelf, ever wiſhes to ſee or to compare them.---You muſt indeed know very little of the *pilatiſm* of our days to uſher them to the world! Enter any office——ſhop, ſtall--produce your ſcheme, drug, book, and provided it be not quackery, palliative, ſophiſm---I'll be ſhot, if not all their *honeſt* owners with more or leſs contempt, juſt as you advance eaſt or weſtward--will, with *Clarence's* murderer, whiſper

whiſper ye, "*Truth! it beggars any man "that keeps it; and if you mean to thrive "well, endeavour to truſt to yourſelf, and "live without it.*"

By this time--that is to ſay, if the preface, as it was written, is read laſt---the reader will do me the juſtice to believe me innocent of the following ſheets---of maxims---the antipodes of thoſe which I have laid before him in this prefatory chapter.——They are the effuſions of a gentleman now on his travels---and were committed to my care as the editor only.---It was neither in my power to refuſe them, nor is it to give the reader a ſatisfactory reaſon for publiſhing, what I think exceptionable:---let it ſuffice to ſay, that I made uſe of every diſſuaſive argument to my friend--the dreadful conſequences of indiſcreet truth---ſup-

poſing even the paradoxes of Rouſſeau to be ſuch---their revolting air---the fate of the *author*---the ſurfeit of the public --the ridicule of impotence exhibited to *review* —— the odiouſneſs of perſonal reflections.---To all this I received the anſwers of an author.——I was allowed to diſſent, provided I would publiſh; and to oblige my friend, undertook to turn him upon the town---on condition, however, that the *friend* ſhould not ſmother the impartial man, nor the *editor* bribe the judge:--that I ſhould be entitled to prefix to his ramble a kind of vindicatory preface, and the following fragment of a letter written to him in remonſtrance againſt his enterprize.

——"Why, my friend, would you "tear the ties of obſervance to that "ſtate and church whoſe member you "are?

" are ?---I am miſtaken, if ſome right
" reverend prelate will not pronounce
" the publiſher of religious doubts, and
" the author who from the mountain
" was pulled down on miracles, a *Free-*
" *thinker* and *Unbeliever*.---I am wrong,
" if Dr. *Brown*, (who dared to oppoſe
" Mr. *Hume*, and died) ſhould he return,
" ---or any political writer, " yet lin-
" gering on the brink of hell," would
" not ſtart the poiſon of anarchy and
" high treaſon in the diſtinguiſher of
" ſovereign and government, or that of
" puniſhable boldneſs in the derider of
" repreſentative liberty*; not to ſpeak
" of thoſe paſſages, where he denies the
" Engliſh

*. The Engliſh think themſelves free:---they are miſtaken—their liberty is confined to their time of elections; that period elapſed, they are ſlaves, they are nothing. Contr. Social. Chap. xv. du. Livr. ii.

" Engliſh their right to the title of a
" good-natured people *, and even of
" man †; damns their premiums, and
" encouragements of agriculture ‡;
" wantonly calls them children that fro-
" lick in the idea of eating a vaſt deal
" of ſugar, when men; reflects on § the
" refinements

* I know that the Engliſh brag of their humanity; that they call themſelves " good-natured " people"—but let them cry themſelves hoarſe with it—no-body will ever repeat it after them. Emile l. ii. 430. Not.

† An Engliſhman is happy not to be obliged to be a man.

‡ There are, they ſay, premiums of agriculture in England; enough—: that alone proves to me the rapidity of its decay. Emile v. 412. See Projet de Paix——as if encouraging preſuppoſed always low ſpirits!—as if agriculture could not flouriſh unleſs *Cato* ſow, and *Cincinnatus* guide the plough.——

§ " Parlant de l'etat actuel des Anglois, Ils reſ-
" ſemblent, dit il, aux enfans, qui diſent, quand
" je ſerai grand, je mangerai bien du ſucre." M. S. on R. 1.

" refinements of rank, and the exalted
" elegance of thought of our nobility, in
" the ravings of that phantaſtic *Edward*,
" whoſe primitive notions ought to be
" dated from the days when Jupiter was
" wrapt up in horſe-dung. What melan-
" choly rancour could ſuggeſt to him
" the ill-natured remark, that England
" deſerves to loſe her liberty for the
" manner of her elections * :---as if an
" honeſt tar might not be allowed to
" boil his leg of mutton in red wine, or
" a deſerving clergyman make uſe of
" his vote to fiſh a living!—May I ad-
" mire that chaos of pickles, *J. Man-*
" *deville*,—or thoſe children of chance
" which, from a ſudden ſhock of print-
" ing types, jumped into light, and
" were

* Dans les courts momens de ſa liberté, l'uſage qu'il—en fait mérite bien qu'il la perde. Contr. Soc. l. ii. c. xi.

" were called *Memoirs*——; if there is
" one of all thoſe ſubtle inveſtigators
" of nature ſtyled novelliſts, who ſhall not
" ſtart in his Heloiſa more childiſh, un-
" couth ſimplicity, more elviſh-mark'd,
" abſurd, excentric characters, more
" chaſms of ſubject, incident, and plot,
" ---in half an hour---than the boars of
" any village in *Provence* can root up
" truffles in a day.———Has he not diſ-
" puted on ſelf-murther ?*—Has he not
" blaſphemed man into a being natu-
" rally good? Has he not, to the abhor-
" rence of every good ſchoolmaſter, af-
" firmed, that the idea of God can have no
meaning

* An eminent philoſopher is ſaid to have ridiculed the horrors of ſuicide, by ſhowing that it is neither more nor leſs—than giving a different turn to—or ſtopping the circulation of blood—an action very indifferent in itſelf. It muſt be owned that the reaſons for and againſt, have been diſcuſſed with ſome difference, by Rouſſeau.

" meaning for a boy of ten years; that
" to him Heaven is a baſket of ſweet-
" meats, and Hell--a ſchool?---Does he
" care for original ſin? he, who deſpiſes
" the eternity of hell pains *;---and
" though living upon the immortality of
" the ſoul, yet thinks it not geometri-
" cally † demonſtrable? If he ſeems to
" allow of a free determination of the
" will ‡, he thinks of the interventions
" of private Providence, as of the diſ-
" eaſed patchwork of a Geneva watch‖.
" ---And is a man guilty of this enor-
" mous lump of *errors*, or *worſe*---to be
" defended, and his pernicious maxims
" to be ſcattered abroad by you---who
" imbibed religion, and conſtitutional
" ſentiments, with your mother-milk?"--

* Lettre à Mr. de Voltaire, page 146. Oeuvr. tom. v.

† Ibid.

‡ Nouv. Heloiſe, vol. iv. l. xviii. p. 203.—&c.

‖ Lettr à Mr. de Volt. pag. 145.

———————Ne ſupercilioſus ſperne quæ ingenuis veritas probavit———Neve hallucinatoris tamquam ſomnia, derideas quorum capita tantum, leniter perſtringendo, operis ipſius deſiderio te inflammare cupimus——— liberiora quædam dicta ſunt--- noris--virtutem quandoque laſcivire, hominem que bonum, ſi idem muſis libaverit, audacius debacchantem (cum, qualis excutiatur Apollo non ſuæ ſit poteſtatis) bonis eo facilius excuſatum iri, cum, quæcunque talis enthuſiaſmus effuderit, virtute dictata, pro ipſa dicta ſint.

Calvin. M. S. de Diſſent. Toler.

CHAP. I.

THE motives which produced the following remarks on the writings and conduct of John James Rouſſeau, are gratitude, humanity, indignation.

If to give inſtruction grace, is the great duty of genius, Rouſſeau has done his---

If the firſt object of man is man—— if his nature has ſuch titles as not to know endangers and diſhonours, 'tis ſupine brutality to ſlight them, to miſtake the ſpurious for the genuine---Humanity is your great prerogative---then whether

whether you ſway ſociety, or guide the plough, whether you ſcatter paſſions round ye, or anatomiſe the priſm of a moth—whether you write a book or read one—be humane.

If truth is called error, and argument a dream; if Vice mobs Virtue, and Quackery pins her mantle to the back of Simplicity — indignation is merit.

On the INFLUENCE *of the* SCIENCES *and* ARTS *on* MANNERS.*

In the review of Rouſſeau's opinions on this ſubject, it may be proper, on account

* Diſcours qui a remporté le prix à l'académie de Dijon en l'année, 1750. ſur cette queſtion propoſeé par la même acad. "Si le rétabliſſement des ſciences & des arts a contribué à épurer les mœurs."

account of the prejudices occaſioned partly by the confuſion of his adverſaries, and partly by his diction, ‡ to begin with what he ſaid not.

He diſtinguiſhed, what your philoſophers never dream of, ſcience from the ſciences; he ſaid not that ſcience, conſidered abſtractly, is an evil, nor even, with regard to man, abſolutely pro-

 ductive

‡ Speculation ſeldom wields the thunder of eloquence, and ſcorns to dreſs an argument in roſes. —the admiration with which the mighty ſtile of this diſcourſe ſtruck the public—ſhows with what difference ſome remote branch of ſcience, and ſubjects that intereſt the heart, ſhould be treated. To thoſe who attempt this, you might give *Roſcommon*'s rule of compoſition inverſe: "Sketch with phlegm and execute with fire;" and thoſe whoſe eloquence does the honours of truth, who hang it out as hypocrites do virtue, would have been leſs forward in attacking, had they known that magnificence of diction was here leſs than the armour of the hero.

productive of vice; he did not eſtabliſh ignorance as a poſitive ſtandard of virtue, or affirm its incompatibility with vice; he ſaid not that in our preſent ſtate of ſociety the ſciences and arts were to be proſcribed; that phantom of virtue to be deſtroyed which philoſophy now and then calls forth; or that urbanity of manners to be ruſticated which the arts inſinuate:—This by his antagoniſts, the good meaning *Staniſlaus*, who, becauſe he was an exception, could not ſee the rule, by the pedant *Gautier*, by a *Picardy-hack* who forged his name upon the academy of Dijon, one Mr. *Borde*, *Voltaire*, and a region of literary grubs —was forced upon him—attacked, and demoliſhed.

He ſaid on the contrary — that ſcience or truth methodized — is the attribute of

of God; — that to inveſtigate the nature of things with the mind of ſuch coſmopolites as *Socrates* and *Newton*—is the ſublimeſt characteriſtick of man—as the arts, directed to the ends nature meant them for, are the joys, the comfort of life; he ſaid that there is a brutal ignorance as deſtructive to the morals of mankind as ignominious to human genius; he ſaid that in the preſent ſtate of ſociety, princes could not be too much exhorted, or nations too much encouraged to maintain, by the moſt aſſiduous application to the ſciences, the authority of that vicegerent of Virtue, Decency — which obliges a villain to creep into a rogue: — that it is their intereſt by the moſt induſtrious culture of the arts, to keep thoſe flowers from fading, that hide the chains with which

inequality and deſpotiſm have ſhackled the limbs of Slavery.

He indeed, with regard to the queſtion, aſſerted the negative, becauſe he drew his inference from the rule : * He found their origin in our vices, (a radical vice, if you will) and their application conſecrated to our paſſions ; † from the boiſterous ſway of theſe, and the twilight of reaſon, he demonſtrated, that for one probability thouſand abſurdities,

* Fit denominatio a potiori——

† "The origin of human knowledge does not "anſwer our favourite idea of it. Aſtronomy "ſprang from ſuperſtition ; eloquence from ambi- "tion, hate, flattery, lies ; geometry from ava- "rice; natural hiſtory from vain curioſity——all, "even the doctrine of morals, from our pride. "——We ſhould leſs diſpute on their advan- "tages, were they owing to our virtues."—Diſc. 2 partie, T. i. 30.

dities, thouſand errors for one truth *muſt* ſwarm around us; that the arts, * the

 graces

* This note is for painters only. The three great reſtorers of painting were, *Raphael*, who ſtudied expreſſion; *Corregio*, who united the graces of light and ſhade; and *Titian*, who imitated common nature: all their followers were either what we call their *ſchools*, or *Eclectici*. Theſe three powers are only the inſtrument of the painter, but what is his deſign? —— Tell me from their performances, and if you will not call them the tools of flattery, ſuperſtition, of pleaſure, or coarſe imitation—own, that they forgot the ſoul of their creation; for if an art is only then to be commended, if it ſtrews flowers on the paths of virtue, and animates the heart with noble emulation; if it corrects the manners, or immortaliſes great actions; is it to be tolerated if it does the contrary?

You may cry out here, that I forgot Michael Angelo! — I did not forget him;—that I am no judge——You may be miſtaken; I ſhed tears of admiration and pleaſure over *Raphael*, whilſt you perhaps vomit raptures on that great bully *Tintoret*, or number the frogs of *Teniers*——*Raphael*'s choice, expreſſion, marks his great ſoul; but ſtill, if a few can judge of the lion from his claw——can the mob?

graces of our life, if prudently managed, are become the manacles of the weak, and the ulcers of ſociety; he ſhewed, that human curioſity, whirled along on the torrent of life, dives not for truth, and if its appearance ſwims on the ſurface, ſnatches at it and darts by; he proved that from Egypt to China, and from *Buſiris* to *Temurlenk* all poliſhed and genteel nations, all the ſtates ſupported by trade, luxury, and arts, have been corrupted, have died of a ſurfeit, § were ſunk

† I forget who called the modern *Italians*, flies bred on a dead horſe; the *Danes*, the crums from nature's feaſt; the *French*, a puppet in creation's hand; compared the *Dutch* to the glutton, who cried out for the head of that turbot which had burſt his bowels; the *Swiſs* to an old woman big with a cradle of wind; the *Spaniards* to the aſs ſtarving between two heaps of hay; the *Germans* to a bull yoked by a monkey; and the *Engliſh* to a man expiring of a ſurfeit, with half a dozen gliſter-pipes at his A—s——; but he ſeems to have ſaid as much as Keiſler, Labat, ********, or ******.

ſunk by their own weight—or mowed down by a barbarian's ſcymetar; whilſt thoſe whom neceſſity or accident had confined to their primitive light of nature, preſerved liberty with mediocrity, and with ignorance and poverty their innocence of manners; he drew the pedigree of the ſciences and arts, † ſhewed them grafted on luxury and leiſure, thoſe on riches, and wealth on inequality;—and from all this he concluded, that every ſociety ſupported by their fickle props, reſembles a palace founded on the roman order—caſtles in the air—; that having

† " Voici comment j'arrangerois cette genealo-
" gie, la premiere ſource du mal eſt l'inégalité ;
" de l'inégalité ſont venues les richeſſes ; car ces
" mots de *pauvre* & de *riche* ſont relatifs, & par
" tout où les hommes ſeront égaux, il n'y aura ni
" riches ni pauvres : des richeſſes, ſont nés le
" luxe & l'oiſiveté ; du luxe ſont venus les beaux
" arts ; & de l'oiſiveté, les ſciences." Obſerva-tions ſur la Reponſe du R. S. t. i. 112.

weakened the ſpirit of nations, enervated genius, drawn humanity from its real object, ſubſtituted viſionary bliſs to real happineſs, fettered the mind to unnatural wants, and adulterated the manners; all the merit they can be allowed, is that of being like water for the dropſy, palliatives for the diſeaſes they engender; or—if you want a prettier ſimile, that of reſembling roſy harlots, who by coaxing and magic embraces give momentary ſprings and elaſticity to thoſe limbs which their abyſs of pleaſures ſucked into languiſhment and impotence.

Such is the rapid, and, I am ſenſible, imperfect ſketch of what Rouſſeau demonſtrated to be the moral effects of the ſciences and arts *.

As

* The anſwer moſt hackneyed by his antagoniſts, has been: Ab abuſu ad uſum non valet conſequentia

As you may be perſuaded that we ſhall want *labourers*, and perhaps *handicrafts* before we can be in need of *writers*—I wiſh you would allow me a few remarks on the limits of this epidemick rage of ſcribbling, and the remedies againſt that deluge of nonſenſe which inundates every rank of life.—They are owing entirely to *literature made eaſy*. The only effectual means, in my opinion, for preſerving its dignity and uſefulneſs to Learning, were,

ſequentia——I have already mentioned that other axiom in logics, Concluſio fit a potiori. You cannot prove wine, mercury, gunpowder, arſenic, to be deſtructive to the ſpecies, merely becauſe their powers and effects are of mixed nature; but if you prove that their ſum of diſadvantages exceeds in quantity and quality that of advantages—they are caſt. If there is yet an anſwer poſſible to R. objections, it is, that he proves too much: that, for inſtance, chriſtianiſm lies under ſimilar moral and political objections with the culture of learning.

were, to make it the privilege of Genius. The rudiments of ſcience ſhould never have been levelled with thoſe whom nature made, to crawl; their ruggedneſs, a kind of ſubſultory method, even a conciſeneſs bordering upon obſcurity, preſuppoſing much, implying much—might have been the teſt of real genius. The gravitation of minds varies to infinity, and Providence has probably in moſt of her ſubjects combined inclination and capacities---their united endeavours may be ſuppoſed equal to the oppoſition they meet with in their objects.—There is a kind of intuition in genius--'twas *Raphael*'s, 'twas *Paſcal*'s.

With this fence round the temple of Science you would have ſaved it from the profanations of parental pride, and pert pretence; from the itch of mere curioſity,

ſity, and the waſte of leiſure; from the ſkimming of faſhion, and the brazen memory of dunces; and the more uſeful departments of life would not be continually emptying to recruit the armies of *Penchewers.*

Thus even the rank exuberance of thoſe tribes of learning, whom ſociety cannot afford to part with,--of divines, lawyers, and phyſicians---might be cropped; they would not thus overſhade the country, did not ſo many bottomleſs officious people write their lives away, with compendiums, ſhort and accurate views, tables, definitions, lectures, and the reſt of their rudimental traſh, to level, to reduce ſcience to the conception of the *great club.*--- As it is not very difficult by dint of memory, and compendiums, to conquer your tracts of divinity, law,

law, and phyſic, (for it does not require more head, than to be a clever cobler or bruſh-maker) why ſhould Thickſkull be afraid to enter the breach, through which brother Jack has brayed and kicked himſelf into a chariot, an office, or a biſhoprick ?

As to thoſe branches of ſcience which are of very remote influence on the wants of ſociety--I muſt inſiſt, that if Nature has meant a few (and how few !) to ſail with ballaſt in the ocean of poſſibilities, to promulgate her laws and wield her phænomenons, to enjoy the muſic of the ſpheres---and to feel the pulſe of a tadpole;—ſhe has deſtined none to ſpend a life in taking their word for it——.

Or pray, which of the two is likely to do the greater ſervice to his country—the

the farmer, who, humbly ignorant, propagates his race, and ſcatters plenty over the land—or the pert youngſter, who piping-hot from his college puzzles him with the deep paradox, that his horſes do not draw, but puſh the cart—or that of the law-ſuits hid in the twig he cut from a hedge.——

Nay—it would be worth the exertion of the ſecular arm, and the prayers of the church, (as palliatives are the only phyſic our ſociety admits of) to check the ſprings of learned ignorance, were it merely to deliver you any where, at any time, from the deciſions, hints, blunders, lies—from the pragmatick aſſurance—the inſulting pinches of ſnuff—and the pickled politicks of your *Hermaphrodites*; were it only to ſave you from being ſwept

along

along by a peacock's tail, ſtung to death by ſnails, or raviſhed by tye-wigs.——

There is but one tolerable objection to ſuch a reformation, which is, that true genius will go on with more rapidity in its courſe of ſcience, if the time of its apprenticeſhip is ſhortened by rudiments made eaſy.—There may be ſome truth in this—but as you have to chuſe between two evils only, it is much more eſſential to keep the mob off, than to ſave a ſtep or two to a man of parts—the advantages on either ſide admit of no compariſon. What if even *Newton* and *Leibnitz* had been later acquainted with ſome of their ſublimeſt mathematic and metaphyſic truths, or had they even not had time enough to come up with them at all, would you affect to think it as deplorable a misfortune to ſociety, as that myriads of

of blockheads will, for a jingle of ſophiſtry, and falſe mathematicks, lay the loom waſte, and devour the fields they deſerted?

We have the good-nature at our expence to confound the learned with the *wiſe* man—who centers all his midnight cares in *action* * ; this was the principle of antient philoſophy, as ſtrength was the deſign of their gymnaſtick exerciſes; but we ſeem made to talk.—We call ſcience with

* "To ſay that the Sciences ſprang from idle-"neſs—is a palpable abuſe of terms; their ori in "is *leiſure*, but they keep you from *idleneſs*."—I do not underſtand this diſtinction of leiſure and idleneſs; but what I know moſt certainly is, that no honeſt man can ever boaſt of having time upon his hands whilſt he has a country to ſerve, or a brother to aſſiſt. —— "The citizen at the "plough is not more occupied than the geome-"ter or anatomiſt."—Not more than the child who builds a caſtle of cards, only more uſefully.—R. derniere Reponſe, t. i. 276.

with them the individuation of ideas—but our corollaries may be trifles, or worſe, provided we, with Milton's Satan,

O'er bog or ſteep, thro' ſtrait, rough, denſe or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſue our way;
And ſwim, or ſink, or wade, or creep, or fly——

It was to little purpoſe to ſay ſo much, if by *literature made eaſy*, you think I could mean the moſt claſſick and expeditious method of teaching the languages; —as they are merely the keys of ſcience, their jars might perhaps ſtun, or their diſproportion diſcourage the moſt promiſing heads.——

It is however ſomewhat nettling to reflect, that the only country of agriculture—true learning and manly accompliſhments——ſhould every day compoſe machines

machines to ſave hands and to tranſport; hatch mobs enough to drown ſcience in an univerſal hubbub; ſhould ſmile on Newmarket, and keep long rooms to teach grown gentlemen to dance.

C CHAP.

CHAP. II.

On the origin of *inequality* among *mankind*, and if the law of *nature* authoriſes it *.

SUCH is the queſtion, whoſe celebrated anſwer—known to all, read by few, underſtood by leſs—was yet univerſally cenſured.

Thoſe for whom 'tis written, will eaſily find it to be the philoſophical analyſis

* *Diſcours ſur cette queſtion propoſée par l'academie de Dijon : Quelle eſt l'origine de l'inégalité parmi les hommes, & ſi elle eſt authoriſée par la loi naturelle?*

analyſis of the former diſcourſe, the baſis of his literary ideas, and of all hypotheſes the moſt proper to explain the contradictions of the human heart, and the origin of all the revolutions of the ſpecies.——

If the queſtion preſuppoſed the ſuper-natural ſtate of Adam and Eve, revelation † burſting upon man with that irreſiſtible beam called natural religion—the torch of Prometheus, or the butterfly of Miner-

† Moſt of thoſe that have written on this ſubject, miſtook the effect for the cauſe. " Talk-" ing of nothing but wants, keen deſires, op-" preſſion, pride, they tranſported the ideas of " ſociety into the realms of nature.——Moſt " have not even doubted the once exiſtence of a " ſtate of nature, tho' it be evident from the " ſcriptures, that the firſt man, immediately in-" ſpired and inſtructed by God, was not in that " ſtate himſelf,"——&c.

Diſc. Introd. 54. Oeuv. t. iii.

va;—if it implied the deſpotic ſyſtem of moraliſts, built by reaſon and inhabited by the paſſions—the parental, the domeſtic, the civil relations of *ſocial* man, with their train of ſentiments and refinements—If, I ſay, the queſtion preſuppoſed theſe to be the ſtate of nature,—it was the idleſt, and before its anſwer moſt anſwered queſtion which ever academy propoſed:—'twas the Sibyllean leaf to be read by the winds—or to be reſolved by *Caſtillon* and *Caſtel* *.

* "The ſtate of nature has exiſted, it exiſts, "and will exiſt, with the ſpecies.—The firſt male "and female have been created at each other's "ſide—or they would have loſt each other:— "once together—they never parted."——— *Caſtillon* Prof. en Ph. & Math. à Utrecht; F. R. S. &c. &c.

In father *Caſtel*'s ſtile, chain of ideas, and manner of refuting, there is ſuch a ſquirrel-motion, ſo prieſtly

But if they, heedleſs of records of yeſterday—mindleſs of the once exiſtence, or mere poſſibility of a ſtate of nature,—propoſed from the decrepit reliques of

 the

prieſtly a drollery, that I cannot help giving the reader a ſpecimen of it—:

" God makes man perfect of body, heart, mind, " in a fine paradiſe, deſtined for a ſtill finer one, " viz. God in all his glory, ſplendour, and de- " lights; for all that, God finds him not well " enough in this terreſtrial paradiſe, becauſe alone, " without company, help, ſociety. Alas, ſir, " ſhudder at that ſavage ſolitude to which you " want to reduce us again. Behold the oracle " againſt which I beg, I intreat, I conjure you not to " rebel; *Non eſt bonum, non eſt bonum hominem eſſe ſolum,* " *ſolum, ſolum*; and farther: *Faciamus illi adjutorium* " *ſimile ſibi.* And yet was man not ſo quite by himſelf " neither——there was God before hand; and " after that, there was a numberleſs multitude " of fiſh, birds, reptiles, and particularly of beaſts, " lions, elephants, monkeys, horſes, &c. &c. all " perfect in their kind, infinitely various, and " obedient to Adam their maſter. Yet was " there no ſociety for him."—— ——L'homme moral oppoſé à l'homme phyſique de Mr. Rouſſeau, à Toulouſe, 1756.

the ſpecies to retrograde to the infant, and conſulting nothing but his unaſſiſted nature, from the evolutions of that, to trace the youth and man;——— if they deſired to ſee the moment marked, when in the progreſs of things, right ſucceeding to violence, nature received the yoke of law;—if they would have it explained by what chain of prodigies the ſtrong ſtooped to be the ſlave of the weak, and nations could be cheated into the purchaſe of ideal peace, at the price of real happineſs ‡; ——'twas the nobleſt, the moſt intereſting of problems:—and he who dared and could explain

‡ "*De quoi s'agit il donc préciſément dans ce diſ-*
"*cours? de marquer, dans le progrès des choſes, le mo-*
"*ment où, le droit ſuccédant à la violence, la nature*
"*fût ſoumiſe à la loi; d'expliquer par quel enchaine-*
"*ment de prodiges, le fort put ſe reſoudre à ſervir le*
"*foible, et le peuple à acheter un repos en idée, au prix*
"*d'une félicité réelle.*" Diſc. Introd. 53.

explain it, — entitled to as enraptured a *heurika* as ever burſt from the boſom of man.

This Rouſſeau did. He traced man to the nipple of nature, found him wrapped up in inſtinct,—taught his lore by appetite and fear — harmleſs becauſe content—content becauſe void of comparative ideas — ſolitary, becauſe without wants,—ſnatching the moment on the wing, from the paſt and future ones.——

Yet even in this wilderneſs of nature he ſtamps him with the ſovereignty of vegetation and inſtinct; behold him free, improveable, compaſſionate *.

* There ſeems to be a ſublimer principle of human pity than the image of identity, which in its utmoſt force appears to be nothing but the impulſe of ſelf-preſervation:—I mean an innate

 benevolence,

With the lapſe of times, a chaſm beyond the ſpan of Chineſe chronometers,—the ſpreading race, aſſailed by diverſity of ſoils, climates, ſeaſons—received their firſt leſſon of reaſon from neceſſity—and then employed art, as nature ſlid or thundered the means of ſuſtenance into their hands.——

Once rouſed, the mind goes on.—Struck with an infinity of objects round him,

benevolence, and the ſentiment of juſtice and order. Seized with the infernal ſteam of ſhambles—the cattle bemoan themſelves;—even the glorious thrillings of humanity are ſelfiſh;—the alleviation of ſubordinate ſtates is indiſpenſible duty;—but there may be ſupreme benevolence in ſaving the fly in your bowl.——Vid. Diſc. I. P. p. 96. —— "'Tis pity, which, inſtead of that ſublime "maxim of informed juſtice, *act as thou wouldſt "be acted by*——inſpires all with that other ma- "xim of natural goodneſs——much leſs perfect, "but perhaps more uſeful than the former, *Pro- "mote thy own happineſs with the leaſt harm poſ- "ſible*——" Ibid. 100.

him, man found himſelf conform to one, and of ſuperior diſparity with the reſt: —hence his firſt leſſon of ſociety and pride—wit and induſtry went hand in hand,—here was perhaps the origin of families, property, war.———Cohabitation inſpired with conjugal and parental love,—and the effects of united power exceeding their ſimple wants,—affluence produced leiſure, and the yoke of neceſſity was ſhook off for the heavier one of luxury.

The revolutions of the globe formed what we call nations and idioms. From climates, aliments, and ſimilar habits of life, unity of characters and manners; beauty and merit, become favourite ſentiments, and moral love blazes in all its charms and all its terrors.——

——Here inequality begins—from beauty,

beauty, force, talent, and their reward, public eſteem—roſe vanity and contempt, ſhame and envy; from opinion, and ideal ſelf-love—revenge and cruelty.——

Such is the ſtate of the ſavage of our days—a medium between the indolence of primitive man and the petulant activity of our ſelf-love.

Metallurgy produced agriculture—and both the rigours of property:—the diſparity of force and talents rewarded with riches or branded with poverty—— ambition revelled amidſt the jar of croſs-intereſts—the right of the ſtrongeſt and that of the proprietor were ſealed and cancelled with blood——till the rich with precautious craft decoyed the hordes

of

of anarchy into cities of ſlaves and tyrants.——

Such are the random outlines of a work which you might call the triumph of conjecture—compared with others. Rouſſeau, like his own giant, with every enormous ſtride meaſures only his ſuperiority over the dwarf that pants behind him.——You laugh to hear the dwarf deny the exiſtence of provinces he cannot explore; and why would you rave at the brood of intereſt and dullneſs, for their attempts to drown the oracles of nature in their hiſſes, at ſeeing them ſtrut forth with their carpenter's rule to meaſure the regions of probability——?

There is one of the enemies of man, however——whom his hugeneſs diſtinguiſhes

guiſhes in the crowd—that threadworn withered baſtard of Fancy, that proud leſſon of humility——*Panſophe* ‡! —— Behold him, like ſome extatic anabaptiſt, ſtark-naked in the ſtreets of *Leyden*, ruſh in and cry: ——— " Brethren of Lon-
" don, Paris, and Geneva! no four-
" legs! no acorns! no ſub-dios! no fe-
" male to be wrenched from the potent
„ embraces of a ſon of earth!———
" Riches, ſociety, right!——religion to
" the great organ of life!—virtue,
" virtù!—ſtages, toilet, laws!—fiddles, agri-

‡ Panſophe! the father of *Seide! Palmyra! Mahomet!*—Panſophe, who bade the tear of melting pity embalm *Zara*, and terror ſhudder from *Semiramis?*——They were dunghills, Panſophe, *Shakeſpear* and *Otway*—and *Euripides* and *Sophocles*—let not thy modeſty deny it—were dunghills ſtrewed with jewels:—but how lowly would the cock have crowed, how ſolitary his ſeraglio of hens have been—had he not topped their height, and in his bill exhibited their diamonds!—

" agriculture! —— By Samonocodom,
" and the Trinities beyond the Ganges!
" no acorns—no ſtate of nature! no
" four-legs!" ———— Why, Panſophe? a leſs cry than this has gathered a mob—nor did I ever diſpute your jaws that power—but your eyes that of ſeeing.——It is not fair to read yourſelf when you take up a book.—The miſanthropic, inhuman principles of that diſcourſe—are yours!—and better had it been for us, for our hopeful poſterity, and eſpecially for you—had you, on four, been kicked to atoms by ſome ſplenetic ſon of Bileam's—than to have raiſed yourſelf on two legs to dreſs the ſupper of *Conculix*; to paint the buttocks of *Chando*'s page; to erect the tremendous idol of *Joan*'s celeſtial lover;——to act the upholſterer of *Candid*'s bedchamber; —or to find a maidenhead in *Circaſſia* only

only to make its owner tell us in *Norwegen*, it was carried off by a tiger.——— As to your mob—with hearts as wild as your own—they have had almoſt all—but rather all—the good-luck of much weaker heads, or clumſier paſſions——pools of miſchief and abſurdity—but no breeze of their own to ruffle them into contagion and infamy———

I beg pardon—but though with regard to *Panſophe*, whether he pleaſes or diſtreſſes me, I am always in the caſe of thoſe of *Aretin's noſes*, who, the thing over, wiſh the girl a hundred miles off—yet, as he lay in my way, and it is better to ſay nothing at all of him, than not enough——I indulged truth and indignation.——

It does not appear, that the choice of two

two queſtions of ſuch importance, was more owing to the heads than the ſtars of the Academy of Dijon.—They with their natural alacrity ſunk back to their center, and crowned the low *tartuffery* of *Talbert* §; "For *Rouſſeau*'s work," ſaid a Frenchman of ſenſe, "was above the "prices of all academies."

§ Vid. Choix Litteraire, tom. vii.

CHAP III.

EMILE, or on EDUCATION.

I Cannot forbear to take notice of the moral connection between the productions of this writer, which is ſuch as to render each ſubſequent one a comment on the former. Firſt, he ſeemed to deal in extremes.—Society was a ſea-ſtorm, fleſh fiſhified, ſhark and fry;—or when he led you on ſhore, 'twas to the wilds of nature, the aborigines of earth, the ſavage ſons of pity—but from theſe; as you muſt either be ſocial or nothing,—

as

as you are ſo much more obliged to be a gentleman than a man—as the fleecy clouds of the ſpring or a bear's hide can neither be your ſhirt nor coat—as you are too modeſt for being covered by public modeſty only—from theſe, I ſay, he returned to humour you; he dreſſed virtue in entertainment, he kept up appearances, he was decent, he bade the florid tongue of paſſions form your manners, * and nature teach humanity in play.——

Such is the method of Emile—inſinuating virtue without giving one ſingle precept;—at the firſt of precepts the book ends.——

* In Heloiſa, written before Emile—*Et il dira auſſi que les Peuples qui ont des moeurs ne liſent pas des Romans, & il ne fera point de Romans mais un livre de moeurs auquel il donnera la forme d'un Roman pour le faire*

Now that's what of all things they can bear leaſt—not one precept of virtue! ——and there is not one ſchool-maſter in the kingdom but what would heartily throw the book, and all its nonſenſe in the Thames, or ——————————could he but afford it.†

The father's health muſt ſtamp it on his ſon;
The bud of nature exerciſe diſcloſe,
And liberty to virtue ſteel the ſoul—*

Such

faire paſſer; c'eſt ainſi qu'on frotte de miel les bords d'un vaſe pour en faire avaler la liqueur amere. Predict. ſur l'Auteur de la N. H.

† I ſcorn to treat my reader with ſuch objections as—that Rouſſeau's pupils would be mere "*machines à vertu*"—that a boy may read *Tacitus*—and *Clarke*—that talents are the chief object of education—that emulation and vanity muſt be the motives of progreſs.

* *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,*
Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam.
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. Hor.

The

Such is the plan of Emile's education; and though it be but the *negative* † one of a ſolitary, the principles will hold for ſociety:—all the difference will be in the management of the accidental part; you muſt call in to your aſſiſtance the maſs of good in man and ſociety, produce a coalition of nature and art, but never ſuffer ambition and vanity to ſubvert moral ſenſe.

The brave and good are copies of their kind;
Yet ſage inſtructions to *refine* the ſoul,
And raiſe the genius wond'rous aid impart,
Conveying *inward*, as they *purely roll*,
Strength to the mind and vigour to the heart.

Why F——, you do not mean that a laced waiſtcoat is a ſtomachick?

† *J'appelle éducation poſitive celle qui tend à former l'eſprit avant l'age, & à donner à l'enfant la connoiſſance des devoirs de l'homme. J'appelle éducation négative celle qui tend à perfectionner les organes, inſtrumens de nos connoiſſances avant de nous donner ces connoiſſances, & qui prépare à la raiſon par l'éxerciſe des ſens.*
Lettre à Mr. de Beaumont. t. vi. 269.

The objection againſt the practicableneſs of Rouſſeau's ſyſtem, if founded on the impoſſibility of finding *parents* among thoſe who have it in their power to ſnatch their offspring from the motley nurſery of chance, and giving them an education——or on the improbability of meeting with Socrates amidſt the gang that lurk with jaws open for deſtruction ——ſeems unanſwerable; but the ſame, if founded on the chimæra of infantile corruption only, and parents, tutors, ſervants undertake—(for they undertake readily) to find themſelves—is a trifle: for although your lord and ladyſhips may be right in aſſerting, that there is no preſerving ladies fleſh from tainting, though you buy it at a million a dram—yet that aſſertion will not hold with the infant bloom of nature.—The cancer, the blaſting

blaſting grub, and the epidemic caterpillar—are mere accidents of the plant ‡. "What! is original ſin a dream?"—If by original ſin, your worſhips mean the inheritance of corruption from carrion, and by virtue of an eſtabliſhed harmony, the legacy of foul inclinations from foul bodies to embodied ſouls—that the fooliſh trick of *Henry*'s nether-lip pricked the heir apparent on his ſon; that the bodily dregs of cruel *York* marked *Richard* for the comet that was to ſweep the age:—If you mean ſo,—why I ſee enough, to be ſtared in the face with this looſeneſs of humanity in every family, houſe, rank, buſineſs, ſtreet. But if you mean it myſ-

" ‡ Affectiones enim principia ſunt atque ele-
" menta humanarum actionum; omnes in ſe
" ſunt bonæ, utiles, honeſtæ: et cum debite ex-
" ercentur, non modo recta ducunt ſed ſtimu-
" lant etiam, ſet incendunt ad virtutem." Rob. Oxford de Sacra Poeſi Hebr. Præl. xvii.

tically—not that the mercury which projected the father's teeth, will ſet thoſe of the children on edge—but that that dear, ſweet, little rogue of Eve's golden pippin, cauſed moral indigeſtion for theſe five-thouſand and odd years;—I own I am aſhamed of ye all, as of *Freethinkers* and *Unbelievers* in the ſcriptures and goſpel, which plainly inform us, that God, conſcious of man's being not the thing for reproducing goodneſs—took ſuch a truſt from fathers, mothers, &c. &c. &c. —and lodged it in baptiſm. ‖

Beſides—though it betrayed ſmall knowledge of the ſtage-laws, and leſs of human nature, to let buſkin'd Cato, by the

‖ "*Selon cette même doctrine (du peché originel:) nous avons tous dans notre enfance recouvré l'innocence primitive; nous ſommes tous ſortis du baptême auſſi ſains de coeur qu' Adam ſortit de la main de Dieu.*" Lettre à Mr. de Beaumont. t. vi. 255.

the ſoporific lullaby's of heroiſm give reſt to the Pitt——yet is the ſtoic model of all others the moſt worthy of moral imitation * ; for you may be ſure, that the mirrour which ſhows bliſtered minds and *half-blooded* actions to ſpeculation, has an effect quite contrary to that which fillips the noſe of vanity.——The ſtrings of the ſoul can never be wound up to an extreme, they ſlacken by themſelves; a mediocrity of models blaſts virtue as it does genius: the muſician forms

* *C'eſt l'abſtraction que les Stoiques ont fait qui merite nos ſuffrages. Leur ſage etoit un etre ideal, mais "fait pour leur inſpirer une ardeur ſans égale d'en ap- "procher. Il n'eſt pas vray que chacun d'eux pretendit "à etre cet homme impaſſible et maitre abſolû de ſoi- "meme, chacun le prit ſeulement pour exemple auquel "il tendoit de toutes ſes forces. Nous ne ſommes vertueux "qu'à méſure des grands modeles que nous ſuivons.*" M.S. on Rouſſeau.

Why a perfect model is an abſurd one for a ſocial ſlave, the cauſes of its little influence even on thoſe whoſe characters it might affect——ſee explained in the ſecond preface to Heloiſe.

himſelf upon the loftieſt flights of winged voice, the deepeſt thunders of the baſs—or explores the labyrinths of ſymphony; the painter roams over the elyſium of ideal beauty, and dips his pencil in the rainbow; the poet's eye

——— In a fine frenzy rowling
Does glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

Who ever told a young poet not to ſtudy Homer, or a philoſopher to lay by Plato, becauſe there was rather no hope of their ever rivalling them?—Is the warrior to cock his eye at the wall with *Coeur de Lion*, to break his head againſt it with *Charles* XII, or with *Frederic*, at *Planian*, to calculate what millions of drops of blood will run down a perpendicular rock of battle—and how many will dung its ſoil, and be imbibed by its hemlocks and nightſhades?—Nay, even the neſtling

of

of a ſhop, does he glow for any thing on this ſide a plum, or meditate bankruptcy?—And why will you, under pretence of high ſoaring impoſſibility, forbid man to ſtudy himſelf, his elements?—— Why drown in your catcalls the legiſlation of humanity? Why inſinuate to fathers and mothers—that the heir of quality and eſtate need not be a man;—that in Rome's politeſt days, nobody was ſure of giving his dinner, no ſubſcriber to the aſſembly in Cæſar-ſtreet St. Romulus's of enjoying either ball or ſupper, however advertiſed to be opened at eight, and to be on table exactly at twelve, as long as that eternal Cato's brow ſmote good company and pleaſure with his horrid ſtern *Je ne ſçai quois*—

——You will tell me that a man in the country of monkeys is a ridiculous thing: —that's true.

Religion

Religion and liberty of choice in the mode of worſhip have never made part of any ſyſtem of education; they are pre-eſtabliſhed for the child, before he burſts the doors of life—juſt as his rank, profeſſion, or trade;—which method no doubt fills the temples with thoſe clouds of reaſonable adorers of God, and the very kennels of ſociety with genius. I ſhall not therefore enter into a diſcuſſion of the objections made to the Confeſſion of Faith of the Savoyan Vicar in Emile *, or that which the author had before

* *Martin Bucer*, one of the reformers in the ſixteenth century, queſtioned by the Duke of Northumberland about his opinion of the real preſence of the body in the ſacrament, with more philoſophy than zeal anſwered, "*Whoever implicitly "believes, cannot doubt it; but I would no more believe "all that's written of the facts and life of Jeſus Chriſt "in the goſpel, than I would openly deny it.*" *Bayle* calls this a calumny, becauſe *Bucer* was no libertine.

I can

fore given in the life, and on the dying-bed of Julia;—their relation to each other is that of head and heart: nor ſhall I examine into his ſentiments on Chriſtianity in the ſtate ‖; or make remarks on what he dared, *not to conclude* from his anatomy of miracles †—which altogether has

I can ſee nothing in it unworthy the tête-à-tête of a Peripatetician, for ſuch *Bucer* was.—The Savoyan vicar little ſuſpected ſuch a ſentiment to have been riſked ſo early. Vid. *Bayle* in *Bucer*.

‖ Chapt. viii. book iv. of the Social Compact, where he miſconſtrues our Saviour's meaning into a literal one, when he ſaid, *My kingdom is not of this world; if it were, then would my ſervants fight ——————let the dead bury their dead, &c.*—and hence pronounces abſolute reſignation, indifference for earthly things and connections, and an ardent longing after an ideal mother-country, to be the principles of chriſtianity—rather incompatible with the ideas of property, liberty, patriotiſm, politic eſtabliſhment, and the excluſive rights and ſtrength of nations. But we know better.

† In the Second Letter from the Mountain. A miracle

has with the greateſt number loſt him the title of a Chriſtian §. —The teſt of our creed

miracle being for us an exception from the preeſtabliſhed laws of nature, is by its own definition indemonſtrable to man, or any being unacquainted with the full extent, number, modification of theſe laws. To prove the doctrine by the miracles, and theſe by the doctrines, is the logical circle. If miracles were not beyond demonſtration by their definition, yet there is no proof poſſible, ſufficient to propagate their belief, unleſs the power of evincing the truths of events phyſically ſupernatural, ſhould be veſted in tradition and moral proofs.——Such objections, I ſay, I ſhall not diſcuſs, as they are very eaſily anſwered, and ſignify no more than the wiſh that God might rather have created fifty individuals than recalled one from the grave.

§ Not only the ſub-roſa's, the public and private doctrine of ancient philoſophy have been wiſely adopted by the regency of chriſtian communities, but the limits of abhering to reaſon preferably to dogma, and vice verſâ, of doubting and canvaſſing, have been aſcertained. The Orthodox, Arian, Pelagian, Socinian, the High-churchman and branchy Diſſenter—are, no doubt, the bell-weathers of faith, and upon their ſtomachs that

creed is irrefragable authority. Approach the ſanctuary of myſteries, guided by reaſon, but remember that its feeble light can only make darkneſs viſible:—and him who without a letter of credence, and an authentic key from St. John, not in his head or heart, but in his hand, crams his emetic traſh down your throat, under pretence that it will dulcify your ſtomach, unveils the Babylonian whore, or diſcovers the merchants of Tyrus, in the Eaſt-India company—him ſet down among the victims of

that of every true chriſtian ought to regulate its digeſtion.—Beyond their tenets, doubt and diſcuſſion are unfair, wanton, abſurd; and he, to whom the doctrine of Jeſus Chriſt has demonſtrated his divine legation with ſuch clearneſs and force, that prophecies, myſteries, miracles, appear rather as incumbrances upon the ſyſtem—he who does not want the ſign to believe——is, to be ſure, a Heathen, and neither Arian, Socinian, nor Orthodox.

of grim ſuperſtition, and ſour-brained dotage—unleſs you rather chuſe to indulge him with the *running banquet of two beadles.*——*

Some have objected to the ſtile of Emile, as too diffuſe, too long dwelling on one ſubject, too full of repetitions. ——Theſe know that they never read the book over. The comparative prolixity of the firſt volume is one of its perfections. Addreſſed to women, mothers, nurſes, it muſt perſuade women:—their head is in their heart, that you muſt engage, and to influence the mellow matrons, like Cicero humour them.—You muſt keep them alive by tattle, ſcotch the ſolid reaſon which they can neither clench nor digeſt of one piece; in ſhort, you muſt repeat yourſelf; a fault which, for many an old woman

* Shakeſpear.

among his readers, I wiſh Rouſſeau had committed oftener.

Rouſſeau, you ſay, ſhould propoſe coolly, and plead without paſſion.——* There are in the walks of ſcience certain characteriſtics of true genius.—Suppoſe it even employed in the highroads of argument or compoſition—there is a light of method, a chain of truths, a nerve of expreſſion, ſo candid a manner, the ſtile glows ſo genially, palpitates ſo warmly,

* " *Reduit au triſte emploi de me defendre moi-*
" *même, j'ai du me borner à raiſonner ; m'échauffer eut*
" *été m'avilir. J'aurai donc trouvé grace en ce point*
" *devant ceux qui s'imaginent qu'il eſt eſſentiel à la*
" *verité d'etre dite froidement ; opinion que pourtant*
" *j'ai peine à comprendre. Lorſq 'une vive perſuaſion*
" *nous anime, le moyen d'employer un langage glacé ?*
" *Quand Archimede tout tranſporté couroit nud dans*
" *les rues de Syracuſe, en avoit il moins trouvé la*
" *vérité parce qu'il ſe paſſionnoit pour elle ? tout au con-*
" *traire, celui qui la ſent ne peut s'abſtenir de l'adorer ;*
" *celui qui demeure froid ne l'a pas vue.*"
Avertiſſement ſur les Lettr. dela Mont. O. t. 7.

ly, faints away ſo pallid, or mixes ſo meltingly with your heart—that you cry out, "There is more than head, art, me-"mory—there is truth, ſentiment, ſoul!" Such is the language of genius; and do you think it employs another, when virtue is the theme? Nothing is ſo eaſily found out as moral copies and originals.—Memory is not ideas—in that ſoil genius grows not: the ſame ink that burnt the paper under *Aretin*'s pen, will freeze when uſed by *Parthenio Etyro*.† ——'Twas the heart, 'twas ſtrength of mind, 'twas the enthuſiaſm of benevolence that ſcattered flowers over Emile.——

CHAP.

† *Aretin*, when he had finiſhed his courſe of natural hiſtory, and demonſtrated upwards of forty *Schemata Amoris*——repented, diſſolved his name into that of *Parthenio Etyro*, and fell to writing pſalms, lifes of J. and the ſaints, prayers and meditations.

CHAP. IV.

HELOISE.

—FROM theſe the eloquence of his Heloiſa. There may be waſteful and ridiculous exceſs in all the claſſes "*de propaganda*," from faith to the eſtabliſhment of mulberry-plantations about *Abo*—but none perhaps is ſo very glaring as that of introducing our God, manners, pleaſures, to the haunts of deſolation, where nature like a hag plucks her mandrakes from earth to groan around her, to the rocks where pleaſure with leaden eyes for ever hangs over the

ſpawn glimmering in the midnight ſurge, to the fat melancholy of polar ſouls;—Unleſs it be the attempt of talking ſentiment and generous paſſions into their kindred among us, hearts damned to eternal callus, into mere head-pieces—you might as well pretend to give exiſtence to Iago's beaſt of two backs, as to make them feel.—I ſhall therefore ſilently ſubſcribe to all that has been or may be ſaid againſt St. Preux's and Heloiſa's love.—Whoever finds it excentrick, impoſſible, bombaſtick—is in the right for himſelf, and will be ſo to all eternity.

But it were better perhaps Heloiſe might be unintelligible to all.—What, in the name of mutiny! what conſequence will it have for wenches to know—— that there are kiſſes, out of family, beyond the ſelfiſhneſs of parental pity

or

or vanity, beyond the ſober touch of brothers and ſiſters—or the icicles on the lips of maiden friendſhip;—kiſſes at once the flaſh of lightning and the morning's dew—joys the ſtorm of pleaſure and the balm of life!——

To know—that the roſeate bowers of their fathers gardens—may every leaf, every bud of them—be taught to breathe, to whiſper bliſs, to tell each its own tale of the mother of love!——

To know that ſtays paint to the eagle eye of love, here their luxuriance of boſom and milky orbs of rapture, and there the ſlender waiſt and riſing hips—that with the perfumes of their toilet contagion ſpreads—that aprons will invite Hamlet to build tabernacles between Beauty's legs—and petticoats appear to Romeo the gates of heaven——

—What will be the conſequence of all this?——

They will open them——yea and dream at the ſame time, that virginity may drop a maidenhead, and matrimony pick it up;—that nature now and then lays a ſtumbling-block in Virtue's way to teach her to walk.

Your daughter may prove a harlot—Very like—and may have read Heloiſe, and mightily been pleaſed with it;—but pray examine two things: how ſhe came to read romances, * and whether the dogs-

* "No modeſt girl reads love-ſtories. Let "not her, who, notwithſtanding its title, dares to "read this, complain of the harm it has done "her; 'tis falſe, 'twas over with her before, ſhe has "nothing to riſk now."—— "It has been "tried to make the reading romances uſeful for "our youth; 'tis of all ſchemes the moſt nonſen-"ſical; 'tis ſetting the houſe on fire to play off the "engines. The moral of thoſe books, accord-"ing

dogs-ears go any farther than where Julia gives the rendezvous.——

" ing to this fooliſh idea, inſtead of being directed " towards its proper object, is always addreſſed to " the girls—as if the girls had a ſhare in the diſ- " orders you complain of! Their conduct in ge- " neral is regular, however corrupt their heart. " They obey their mothers, whilſt they long to " imitate them. Make the women do their duty, " and depend on it, the girls will not be found " wanting in theirs."—*Seconde Préf. pour la Nouv. Heloiſe.*

That romances generally miſtake their object; that they teach the paſſions which they profeſs to check; that thoſe of Richardſon eſpecially turn daughters into *precieuſes* and heroines, ſpoil ſervant-maids, and often are beyond application, &c.—has been ſaid and repeated, as well as that he is intolerably voluminous. Rouſſeau admires him for his great models, but thinks his characters, in general, affected: " *Cet auteur ſçait repandre un intéreſt des plus vifs ſur tout ce qui concerne ſes perſonnes. Apres l'action equivoque de Clariſſe je ſuis toujours à genoux devant elle; et Clementine avec tout ſon fanaticiſme fait fondre en larmes, je l'adore comme une ſainte; quoique Grandiſon me paroiſſe d'ailleurs le plus faible de ſes Ecrits, parcequ'il y a voulu réunir dans une ſeule perſonne le charactère d'homme aimable avec celui d'homme de bien.*"

M. S. on Rouſſeau.

In the fogs of popery—whether the tyranny of parents rung the alarm-bell of filial rights—or the baggage of daughters hung ſo heavy on the neck of pedigrees, that by its own weight it dropt into the kennel;——whether Kitty ſlept on the balcony to catch the nightingale, or Agathe threw off her veil to make mouths in a glaſs, and ſwallowed pater-noſters till they burſt her belly;——whatever boy or girl proved haggard, 'twas a changeling, an abortion, ſubſtituted by an incubus ‡;——and ſometimes a tender religious mother would carry her offspring to the next bridge, to know whether it was a goblin ſhe was going to ſuckle, or her own child. In the firſt caſe, the little monſter, whiſtled at by the legion in the water, would jump out of the baſket and

‡ See the volume of *Luther*'s table-diſcourſes.

and plunge to join his brethen; in the other, the child would croſs himſelf.—It may, and with charity too, be preſumed, that the number of devils-brats ſomewhat exceeded that of babies.——

In our clear day of reformation and ſenſe, the devil has obtained his abſolution.--Let a daughter refuſe to ſuckle fools and chronicle ſmall-beer, to call a money-bag vigour, or vigour a heart; let her ſcorn to counterpoiſe a bladder of a huſband by the carats pendant in her ear, and, mindleſs of rank, ſtoop to read ſome Othello's face in his heart, and dare to looſe a father with him;—let Concealment feed on her damaſk cheek—or turn her looſe, down from the waiſt a centaur—'tis all one—'tis reading—'tis the play-houſe—'tis ſentiment—'tis thoſe damned romances that have turned her head——

And will for ever, I am afraid—till fathers and mothers learn to be ſomething more than the parents of their own paſſions.——

——But if there ever was intuitive abſurdity, 'twas to make Wolmar invite to his houſe, receive as his friend—the man his wife he knew had doated on and loved ſtill;—to ſuppoſe him capable of riſking the unavoidable compariſon between the ſtern pleaſure in the careſſes of a huſband on the deſcent of life, a ſtranger to ſentiment, and the remembrance of a firſt lover, torn from her embraces by that huſband;--that lover whom neither the wing of time nor the paroxyſm of youth, not all the endearments of friendſhip could eſtrange one moment from his Julia! that lover who, when roaming from pole to pole, of

Paita's flames and Tinian's paradiſe, of the Pacifick waſte and China's ſpoils—— craved nothing —— nothing but Heloiſa, his loſt—loſt Heloiſa! † ——— and a huſband conſcious of all this, ſhould riſk to blow up the ſleeping embers!——

Riſk, you ſay?—Why, if he riſked an atom, if he was not as certain of being unrivalled lord of his wife's very dreams —as Alexander was of having drank health in the cup of Philippus—he deſerved to be conſumed by his own fire;— he deſerved what you mean--- to have the horn of bleſſings in Julia's hand grafted upon his head——*.

However,

† See Letter IX. of vol. iii.

* Some have applied this maxim of Horace to Julia's ſincerity of repentance:

Nec vera virtus cum ſemel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.

" When

However, there is little danger of your imitating him, as you have ſuch an intuition

" When we were got up—How! ſaid I to Julia, " looking at her with a humid eye, your heart " is ſilent—you feel no ſecret emotion at ſight of " a place ſo full of you?———O Julia! eternal " charmer of my heart, behold the place where " once the moſt faithful of lovers ſighed for thee! " Lo! the abode where thy dear image made his " bliſs—and prepared him for that which at laſt " he received from thee.———Maid, too con- " ſtantly loved!—O thou for whom I was born! " muſt I encounter thee here, and yet regret the " time which I paſſed in moans on thy abſence? " —" I was going on, but Julia, who, frightened " at ſeeing me approach the brink, had laid hold " of my hand—gave it ſilently a ſqueeze, with a " glance of tenderneſs and a ſuffocated ſigh;—— " then ſuddenly turning from me, and taking me " by the arm, Come, ſaid ſhe, come, my friend, " the air of this place is not good for me.—— —— " To be at her ſide, to ſee her, to touch " her, to ſpeak to her, to love her, to adore her, " and whilſt I am almoſt poſſeſſing her, to be " ſenſible that ſhe is irrecoverably loſt for me— " throws me into paroxiſms of rage, which by de- " grees drive me to deſpair. —— —— When " I found myſelf better, I came back to Julia; I

" took

intuition into abſurdity :——Tho' I muſt aſk you, whether fear is not the worſt of evils? and whether you can be ſo deſpicable an inſect to content yourſelf with no better warrant for your wife's fidelity, than locks and keys? Suppoſe her in love with another, and conſcious of your ſuſpicion—from that moment marriage is execration, a huſband a halter. A man has a character, and dares to do no more than what becomes a man; but women, they ſay, have none, and therefore are never out of their ſphere. Let temples, ſacraments, parents, honour, nature, miſery; let life, ſtript of all feminine endearments, vanity,

" took her again by the hand, ſhe held her hand-
" kerchief, it was all wet——Ah! whiſpered I—
" our hearts yet underſtand each other! Too well,
" ſaid ſhe with a broken voice, but be this the
" laſt time of their ſpeaking thus."——Such was the lover! ſuch the miſtreſs.

Nouv. Hel. III. Lettr. xxiii.

vanity, delicacy, pride; let mangled conſcience and hag-ridden diſeaſe; let hatred, jealouſy, revenge——bar her gates, diſpute her every inch of ground, fulminate her ear, aſſail her with torrents of tears, intangle her way with ſilken nets, or ſtrew it all with daggers;—if a woman is bent on a purpoſe, ſwift as the thoughts of love, or lewdneſs, or fury, 'tis all one——ſhe will throw herſelf headlong, and palpitate ecſtaſy on the boſom of perdition! ——————She will break your heart, or have her's broken.——

And could you really live with a wife which you had reaſon to ſuſpect liked another better than yourſelf, and had made the compariſon?—You paraſite of manhood! you bliſter of humanity! you unmeaning, poor, forked thing!——A dog wears

wears his own coat, but you are ſunk almoſt as low as your footman.——

Upon the whole, this invitation of Wolmar's ſeems one of thoſe great compliments (alas! ideal ones) which human nature makes now and then to virtue.

I ſhall venture here an objection myſelf, not againſt a pretended inſincerity of character in Julia †, or indiſcretion in

† I reluctantly allow, that the article of believing in the virtue of women, muſt in common life be confined to the catechiſm of charity only. But that the trumpeters of female excellence ſhould think it impoſſible that a woman may conquer a paſſion from principles, ſhould look upon *Julia*'s agreeing to ſee her former lover in preſence of a huſband acquainted with both their hearts, and an impartial examiner, as on a ſign of inſincerity, or at beſt as on a wanton periclitation of pride—is, I think, making but a ſorry compliment to the fair. See Letters IX. and X. of vol. iii. Nouv. Hel.

I think

in that of Wolmar, but againſt an effect where I ſee no cauſe.——I do not diſpute to Wolmar the theory of moral ſenſe: he has in the picture all the features of philoſophy. Exempt from prejudices, he had no obſtacles to ſurmount in his obſervations; and free from paſſions, he enjoyed one placid halcyon-day of life, to make them;

I think it, beſides, a check on the progreſs of virtue, to maintain that there is little probability of its recovering from a fall. The conſequence can hardly be leſs than general profligacy:—when no one can pretend to virtue, when it is matter of mere ſpeculation or taſte, 'twill be ſpoken of with the rankeſt luxuriance of encomiums.—— *" La choſe la plus dangereuſe pour les progreſs moraux " eſt, de ſe laiſſer abattre l'eſprit par la repréſentation " d'une faute commiſe dans un tel temps, dans telles cir- " conſtances; pour reprendre haleine et pour vaincre la " confuſion interieure on a beſoin de puiſſans reſſorts, " qui ne procedent que de principes actifs; un honnete " homme peut etre ſemblable à l'atheé Wolmar, mais ja- " mais un tel ſera vertueux. C'eſt pourquoi Rouſſeau " l'a fait échouer à la premiere tentation."* M. S. on R.

them: he had beſides both refinement and penetration.—What could be wanting then where the elements had been ſo kind? Nothing indeed, as long as the queſtion was only of ſpeculation and taſte, or that part of morals where experience was his guide: but born without paſſions, whence could he take the comparative object to determine poſitively their nature and degrees in others? Paſs his obſervation that Julia and St. Preux yet loved each other——but how without paſſions of his own, without experiments on their divers ſhapes and evolutions, how could he be able to know that St. Preux in Mrs. Wolmar loved no more than the ſhadow of his Julia of former days, and ſhe in him only the phantom of her love-ſick ſwain?——I do not diſpute facts;—but the reality of this is perhaps ſooner

felt

felt than accounted for; 'tis in the province of moral ſenſe, which no man, cold like Wolmar, had ever ſo refined —— in ſo unelaſtick a ſoil how could it grow?—

But why does Julia die?—Julia—the fair, the young, the charming, the friend, the daughter, the miſtreſs, the houſewife, the mother?—Why, Rouſſeau, ſon of Melancholy, why wouldſt thou ſnatch the dread veil of eternity to ſeel the eye of goodneſs? why plant elyſium only to hide a ſnake there?——

This, of all objections ever made, is perhaps the beſt meant, full of the milk of human kindneſs, warm from the nipple of nature. There is a ſtandard of order, there runs a ſtrain of benevolence through the boſom of mortality; and whilſt pity and ſenſe give graces to terror

on

on one ſide, it agonizes at every pore, nay ſhudders with inward horror, to ſee perfection inſulted, unrewarded, puniſhed—become the flaw of Providence and humanity.

But if ever an effect diametrically oppoſite to the cauſe, has amazed obſervation, 'tis, that as long as immortality was no more but a gueſs of conjecture, man hugged it with the moſt reſtleſs ardour: death was the victory of virtue, the moſt exalted reward of benevolence, a complete atonement for affliction.—Since Jeſus Chriſt has brought it to light, we'd all jump the life to come—— †.

† There, amidſt the acclamations of religion, the prophetic mother pours on her knees adoration for the great reward of obedience—Cleobis and Biton dead at her feet; there Socrates and Cato, with a laſt ſigh o'er the carrions of Athens and Rome, ſnatch eternity and die; there Arria preſents

If it were not for ſo unaccountable a prejudice, where, pray, could Rouſſeau have

ſents the reeking dagger to her pallid huſband—"Pætus! it ſmarts not."

Theſe were public ſentiments;——and here, when one exhibits the ſpectacle which Seneca, rotten as he was, pronounced a god-like one; throws all his readers at the feet of wronged Clariſſa, and rewards the well-fought battle with death——immortality,——'tis againſt poetical juſtice.——

When Shakeſpear, to leſſon mankind, afflicts innocence and virtue, nor in the latitude of the ravings, crimes, follies, he expoſes, can find any reward on this ſide the grave for them; when to warn fathers againſt the dotage of predilection, the fury of prejudice, and the deſtructive conſequences of flattery, he deſtroys the family of *Lear*, and wraps *Cordelia* in the ſtorm; one gentle feeler changes her dagger to a huſband, and adulterates the ſimplicity of filial piety with love, and another could not for all the world read the play a ſecond time, till he turned commentator. Whenthe ſame poet, to ſtamp on power the mark of private virtue, and to conſecrate wedlock, thunders law and nature to ambition, tears the womb of inceſt, and daſhes all its horrors into light, theymince paſſion to a tear for pretty, harmleſs, blaſted *Ophelia*, and arraign

have torn the thread of Julia's life with more propriety, than where he tears it? He ſuffered the fruit to ripen into mellowneſs before he ſhook the branch, and you blame him for diſhing it up, before it

arraign the great inſtructor of mankind at the bar of Drury-lane.——But could you expect worſe from thoſe, who, with the gravity of a Welſh goat, diſcuſs, whether Lear's madneſs was owing to his abdication of power, or the ingratitude of his daughters?—

The truth is, there are few who do not grind their taſte for beauty on groſs appetite, and fewer who build virtue on conſcience; we all practiſe or love it, as the divines ſay, *ſub intuitu boni*. And if it is certain, that a child prefers a bit of ſugar in hand, to a ſhop of ſweetmeats to-morrow, we are likelier to do what is right for fortune in this life, than for happineſs in the next. Let a miſer meeting miſery from church, imagine howling—or hallelujah as long as you pleaſe—the halfpenny lies ſnug;—let him remember the next lottery, 'twill perhaps be given. Go on from theſe dregs of human nature to its moſt generous juices——and you'll find that we all hate to ſerve God for nothing, or worſe than nothing,——death——immortality.——

was cancer-bit? What could Julia the grandam have done not yet done by Julia the wife and mother? She was left to educate her children as long as it could become a mother; ſhe had made her huſband as happy as a man who could only reaſon himſelf into happineſs, could be; ſhe had methodized happineſs in the management of her family and œconomy; and it was equal by what hand it was diſpenſed.—Her death, her manner of dying, ſtruck ſentimental life into Wolmar, and of an out-law made a citizen of the world.—Why ſhould ſhe then be grudged to have obtained what the boding Moor, in his noon of bliſs, begged in vain of his cruel ſtars;

"If I were now to die,
"'Twere now to be moſt happy; for I fear
"My ſoul has her content ſo abſolute,
"That not another comfort like to this
"Succeeds in unknown fate!"——

Oh!

Oh! you of Heloiſa's mourners, who roamed over the wilds of ſympathetic joys and viſionary bliſs—tell me—did ever the idol of your ſoul appear to your extatic eye in the pallid robe of Life's autumnal dreſs? Wouldſt thou, O *Petrarcha*, have remembered "the ringlets "waving pure with radiant gold, and "the lightnings of *Laura*'s angel-face," on the bald head of a matron—in the blunt eye of marriage?—The grave alone could give immortality to thy love.——

In the compoſition of this book, it ſeems to have been one of Rouſſeau's chief views to make devotees and libertines ſenſible of the fitneſs of a mutual toleration; and he accordingly met with the fate of all peace-makers—he was abuſed by both.——

CHAP. V.

On the eſtabliſhment of a Theatre at Geneva; to Mr. *D'Alembert.* †

THE propoſal of a Theatre, made to the citizens of Geneva, its politick abſurdity out of queſtion, is perhaps as deſpicable a noſtrum as ever impoſed upon a mob. For why ſequeſter thoſe whoſe air is not epidemick, from the pleaſures of nature's day to the dim

† J. J. Rouſſeau, citoien de Genève, à Mr. d'Alembert de l'Academie Francoiſe, &c. &c. &c. ſur ſon article Genève, dans le VII. volume de l'Encyclopedie, &c.——

dim enjoyment of a taper ?—In a ſociety where Equality yet holds her balance, where the wants of life are ſupplied by induſtry alone, where every one has his allotment of labour, where no drone is fed, nor the gilded creſt of Vice glares above the reach of juſtice——reſt from the buſineſs or labour of the day is all the entertainment nature craves. * Shall the huſband forſake the joys on the boſom of a tender wife, to learn from the annals of corruption in how many ways

* " Our life is ſo ſhort, ſay you, and time ſo precious!" Who doubts it, ſir? But at the ſame time life is ſo unhappy, and pleaſure ſo ſcarce! why envy man, by nature almoſt merely deſtined to weep and to die, a ſhort-lived relaxation to aſſiſt him in ſupporting the bitterneſs or inſipidity of his exiſtence ?——*Reponſe de Mr. D'Alem.* The dutcheſs of Rohan ſaid of Mr. de Fontenelle, that he had got a morſel of brains inſtead of a heart; and it has been applied to Mr. d'Alembert. Was it from ſuch philoſophy ?

he may be robbed of them? Shall ſhe, mindleſs of ſilent domeſtick happineſs, roam from amuſement to amuſement, throb with faſhion, or learn from the herds of proſtitution how to cock her eye at the fellows? Shall parents carry their children to plays in order to cure them of faults not theirs, to teach them the dangers of paſſions that never ſhall ſwell their breaſts? Shall the man who employs his hours in the practice of virtue loſe them to learn its theory ‡? What analogy

‡ I reaſon here on the principles of thoſe who conſider the ſtage as a ſchool of morals. There is, in tragedy chiefly, ſuch a diſparity between the ſpectator's and hero's circumſtances, that it requires the moſt painful abſtraction to ſnatch one uſeful leſſon from all the flatulency of his paſſion. The truth is, the moſt ſtriking play may be written without any good tendency at all; hold the mirrour up to life, give action, draw characters, and your play is good. *Amyclas, dum tacerent, perdidit ſilentium,* is all you can learn from *Monimia*; and

analogy can there be between the bloody ſcourge of crimes, or the ridicule which ſatire flings on the head of extravagance, and the gentle corrections which teach Modeſty

and who weeps not with *Monimia*? The moral of *Venice Preſerved* is a jumble of contradictions; but *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* are the idols of our hearts. Your beſt comedies are the worſt on the ſide of morals. *Congreve* is as plain as *Petronius*; nay, he has a profligacy of his own, and there is in all his women ſomething moſt execrably rank; but who reliſhes not *Congreve*'s ſalt?——There are, beſides, frailties, paſſions which will bribe the heart in ſpite of their appendage of evils: where the blood judges, pain, horror, death will vaniſh in the dazzling light of pleaſure: *Lothario*'s deſcription of his night with *Caliſta*, deſtroys all other impreſſions of the *fair Impenitent*. The poet writes to pleaſe all; hence he will be cautious of applying cauſtics to the darling vices of the public; and from that alone his productions can never be of direct uſe. Slave-trade is legal, for we muſt have ſugar. To this principle *Southern* ſacrificed the laws of nature, conſcience, and the truth he had ſet out with; nay, to authoriſe inhumanity, lodged in the very ſufferer's mouth

Modeſty to hold up her head, and prevent her ſinking to ſhy timidity? How can

mouth a ſentence which, but for its abſurdity, muſt have branded our religion with the abhorrence of reaſon; "I muſt bluſh, ſays *Oroonoko*,

A whitely ſhame
"To think, I could deſign to make thoſe free
"Who were by nature ſlaves; wretches deſign'd
"To be their maſter's dogs——

To pleaſe, the poet muſt be extravagant, leſt an individual ſhould find himſelf ſtung, and kick. He muſt give an Engliſhman "his whore and "eaſe, beef and a ſea-coal-fire;" his miſer and his prodigal, his beau and belle, his Frenchman, Sawney, or Iriſh tool, muſt be excreſcences of nature; he muſt agree with you that a grain of ſalt atones for a ſhore of folly, and make a pin's head of honeſty wide enough for a camel loaded with vice; in ſhort, he muſt humour you.

What folly is it then to demand virtue of an entertainment, which would be ruined by giving it?

The benefit of the playhouſe is wholly negative; 'tis a harmleſs entertainment in compariſon with

can pure, native wit underſtand the ſparkling of repartée, the double entendre, the phraſe of yeſterday, and the catechiſm of a footman or a whore? The language of luxury and elegance is nonſenſe in the ear of plainneſs and frugality, and neither *Terence* nor *Juvenal* † could have been intelligible to Rome's golden age.——

Perhaps

with thoſe which the greateſt number might purſue during the hours of a play. 'Tis better to ſee *Sir John Brute* than to act him in the ſtreets; 'tis pleaſure inſtead of debauchery. See Lettre à Mr. d'Alembert. Oeuv. t. iv. p. 117.

† See Satire VI.—Suppoſe *Poppea* at her toilet, with all her female veterans and pallid herds of Syrian and Greek *coeffeuſes* around her, aſſembled to dreſs a head *à la Cleopatre*, which *Nero* ſhall examine. All the taſte and refined luxury of Greece, all the perfumes, paſtes, pomatums of the Eaſt, air, ſea, earth, unite to adorn the coquette;—each eye is ſtrained, each hand glows,

the

Perhaps you wil tell me, that this is not the caſe of the *Genevois*; that their corruption is certain, however it may be the ſecond-hand corruption of a petty ſtate; that numbers of them are grown too rich for the pleaſures of innocence and ſimplicity; that they travel as clerks, merchants, artiſts, valets de chambre, officers, &c. and conſequently when they return, return with ſuitable cargoes of vice and folly, pilfered from all climates.

You

the ſyſtem riſes, but ſee *Poppea* frowns.—*Pſecas* has pull'd up a hair by the root—has miſplaced a curl!—*Poppea* nods, the ſlave is ſeized, ſtript, put to the torture, and with her ſhrieks entertains the tigreſs, who, to prolong her pains, falls to reading, writes a billet-doux, chooſes patches, arraigns her robes, and at laſt inflicts puniſhment on the executioner for knowing ſo little of his art.

Such were the Roman ladies from *Nero* to *Domitian*: would the *Sabines*, *Lucretia* or *Virginia*, have underſtood ſuch a ſcene?——

You may alledge their infamous and cowardly behaviour to our author, their neighbourhood with France, and *Panſophe* breathing infection at their very walls.——

And to all this I know no other reply, but that you are in the right, and Rouſſeau with regard to his countrymen, is in the wrong.—

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

POLITICKS.

THE ironies of *Machiavel* have been miſunderſtood *; the ſophiſms abominated in *Hobbes* have been ſet up for maxims in *Grotius* †; and *Puffendorff*'s

* *Machiavel* wrote his *Prince* againſtthe houſe of *Medicis*, the tyrants of his country. Satire was the only weapon left him after the dagger had been wrenched from his hands. His *Livy* and Hiſtory of *Florence* prove his patriotiſm.

† " *Grotius*, the dictator of all the writers on " political right, is a mere child, and what is " worſe,

dorff's concatenation of trifles has been preferred to *Monteſquieu*'s ſubſultory truths. ‡

Society, it ſeems, intoxicates.—What is certain, is, that true politicks are to a corrupted ſtate what the phyſic of youth is to decrepitude. There is a point from which

" worſe, a child given to lying. When I hear " him raiſed to the ſkies, and *Hobbes* execrated, " I can judge of the ſenſe of their readers. Their " principles, in fact, are the ſame; they differ " only in expreſſion and method. *Hobbes* is built " on ſophiſms, and *Grotius* on poets; in all the " reſt they agree." Emile, IV. 374.

† All the queſtions relative to their poſitive rights of governments, have their full anſwer in *Monteſquieu*. A matchleſs ſagacity, the moſt conſummate talents for obſervation, experience, reflection, were his; but being a man of the world, ——extremely diſſipated, he wrote by ſtarts, and with a total neglect of tranſitions. The connexion in his book on *Roman grandeur*, is leſs the work of the author than of the ſubject.

which no nation, if once arrived at, ever retrogrades. Where laws are only the curb of a public, the attempt of tranſfuſing them into manners is folly; and where force is the only check upon the conflict of ſocial intereſts, the moſt ſubtle impoſtor is the beſt politician. Then you muſt change virtue to appearances, and give the penſion of honeſty to talent; then you muſt apply emollients, palliatives, call in arts, luxury, commerce, and the phantom of private and national honour. By their glittering advantages and inſidious charms, you muſt bribe or ſooth to ſlavery thoſe you dread, diſmember the rabble, and ſeizing every opportunity, throw out tubs to let their rage evaporate in harmleſs play. You muſt, like *Colbert*, feed the hungry with flowers, or with *Cato* repeat, "Deſtroy Carthage!"

Of

Of this I make no other application than, that little can be learnt now from the Political Writings of Rouſſeau. The ſimplicity, the clear filiation of ideas in the *Contract Social*, muſt be confuſion in our order of things; the diſcourſe on Oeconomy in the State, * may be looked upon as ſuperfluous; the *Projet de Paix* ‡ is the dream of a purblind ſchemer; the Letters from the Mountain have overturned Geneva, ſay thoſe who call Liberty reclaiming her rights, rebellion; and even his friends muſt be

* Diſcours ſur l'Œconomie Politique, was firſt inſerted in the Encyclopedie.

‡ Extrait du Projet de Paix perpetuelle de M. l'abbé de St. Pierre. " C'etoit la politique " du bon abbé de S. Pierre, de chercher toujours " un petit remede à chaque mal particulier, au lieu " de remonter à leur ſource commune, et de voir " qu'on ne les pouvoit guérir que tous à la fois." Emile, IV. 413.

content with applying to him what Cicero ſaid of the younger Cato: "He "does more harm than good; for he "miſtakes the dregs of Romulus, for "Plato's republic."——

If his principles were leſs primitive, their univerſality would obſtruct their influence; he writes for all, and what is every body's buſineſs, is, you know, no body's.——

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

On French Musick. *

OF all the paradoxes hitherto reviewed, none has been oppoſed with more virulence than the Letter on French Muſick; none has expoſed its author to more ſcurrilous abuſe, none involved him in greater dangers; yet all the attempts of the French fiddling and harmonick clubs to ſhelter their opera under the all-reſpected patronage of faſhion, all their Babylonian commands,

* Lettre ſur la Muſique Françoiſe. "*Sunt verba et voces, prætereaque nihil.*

" at the ſound of the cornet, flute, harp, " ſackbut, pſaltery, dulcimer, and all " kinds of noiſe, proſtrate to adore their " brazen idol;" all their braying, I ſay, has not been able to make a proſelyte of one foreign ear, among thoſe myriads to whom in all other things, taſte, elegance, knowledge, or pleaſure, can convey their ideas in French ſounds only.

Every nation may have their own muſick, and ſtart harmony from habit, where nature has refuſed it*. That deaf rattle of

* 'Twas the rage of Rouſſeau's antagoniſts to foam and ſlabber, without knowing what they were about. Some have even been beneath thoſe who by muſick mean nothing beyond harmonious ſounds, whoſe ſublime is mere execution. Caſtel, of all Loyola's cubs the moſt obſtreperous, in his *Lettres d'un Academicien de Bourdeaux ſur le fond de la muſique*, flounders in a mud of old ſaws, prejudices, digreſſions, &c. nor ever dreams of riſing to the queſtion. " We make ut, re, mi, fa, ſol, la, with " voice

of the Paris opera, whoſe diſmal monotony invades your ear, whether the ſcene is amorous or martial, ſighs complaints, or thunders anger, may tickle up the organ of a mouſquetaire to an uncommon length; but upon you, or me, it will have the lulling effect of a reſtleſs mob under your window, or of a heavy ſermon in a ſummer's afternoon: 'twill be ſilence audible: you will, like Achilles to the ſea-beat

 ſhore,

" voice inſtrumental and ſinging, with violin, " flute, drum, with cymbal, and trumpet; we " make it in melody, and in accords, accompany- " ing and accompanied.—It were a chimera in- " deed, what we have fed upon for ſo many ages, " we the beſt connoiſſeurs of all the dumb arts, if " muſick, of all other arts the moſt loud, could " have eſcaped our ears.—More than two hun- " dred years ago, it has been ſaid in a number of " German, Italian, and other books, that in mu- " ſick, *Hiſpani latrant, Germani boant, Angli ſibilant, " Itali capriſant, Galli cantant.*"

ſhore, repair to the royal academy of noiſe to enjoy a comfortable nap.

— In the ſame manner a Frenchman may find, that the war-muſick of the Highlands, the amorous paſtoral tune of the ſouthern laddie, the ſtern ſtrain of the Iriſh and Welch harp, and the melancholy pleaſure of the Swiſs cow-ballad—force his flood-gates, or ſcalp his ſkull.—As long therefore as we diſpute on indeterminate words, on particular likings or diſlikings—we build on ſand.——

If a juſt imitation of the accents of heart and paſſions is the true principle of muſick, * muſick is univerſal as nature, may

* " *Melody* determines the ſucceſſion of ſounds, " *harmony* regulates their union, *meaſure* fixes their " duration. What has the language to do with " all this? You may compoſe very melodious " ſongs,

may like its ſiſters Poetry and Painting, make impreſſions wherever humanity feels; but as the beſt language is that which moſt genially articulates what nature dictates, that is the beſt muſick

 which

" ſongs, accompany them with the pureſt har-
" mony, add the moſt preciſe meaſure, without
" one word.——Deprived of words as it is, will
" not that muſick have a character, an expreſſion?
" —will it not be true muſick?"——*Apologie de la Muſique Fr. par l'abbé Laugier.*

" Muſick, I ſaid, is but an empty ſound, made
" to flatter the ear, not to agitate the heart. The
" impreſſion of ſounds is mechanical and phyſi-
" cal; and why ſhould I expect to be more for-
" cibly affected by a ſweet harmony, than by a ſet
" of pleaſing colours? I did not then perceive in
" the accents of melody, applied to thoſe of the lan-
" guage, the powerful and ſecret tie of paſſions
" and ſounds. I did not ſee that the imitation of
" the various tones with which ſentiment ani-
" mates the voice, imparts to ſong the power of
" agitating the heart, and that it is the energetic
" picture of the actor's mind which charms the
" hearer." Nouv. Hel. i. Lettr. 48.

which is formed upon its tones; whence it follows, that melody, (for harmony is only an accidental ornament) however attached to the paſſions in general, can be truly expreſſive only in proportion to the pathetic powers of a language; that when the tongue is impotent, or faſhion the organ of the heart, its expreſſion is abſolutely local, or to every incorrupted ear *full of ſound and fury, ſignifying nothing.*

An ananas cannot ſpring from a potatoe-field, or a *Circaſſian* face from *a heer* and *frouw* of *Sardam:*——no more can true muſick dwell in throats taught to croak, to hiſs, to howl, to gaſp, by an atmoſphere drown'd in the phlegm of northern ſkies, nor perhaps be reliſhed by a frog, a monkey, or an aſs.—

Yet

Yet even thoſe, however prejudiced in favour of their own organs, will always prefer harmony to the harſhneſs of their neighbour; even the heart of a tarantula vibrates with ſymphony.——

The Britons prefer Italian muſick to that of all Europe, except their own; the French, the Spaniards do the ſame, the Germans have no other †;—and as no party can decide in their own cauſe, all agree for all, that Italian muſick is, from the nature of its language, and its own method, the beſt.

The ſame Abbé *Laugier*, who attempted to prove what was never queſtioned, that

† Mr. *Graun*, Allemand, paſſoit pour un Italien. *Hændel* etoit le *Lully* des Anglois. M.S. on Rouſſeau.

that his nation can make a noiſe of their own, and are the worſe for it; and this chiefly by a motto calling thoſe barbarians who deſpiſe their arts, juſt as the Pyrenean mountaineers laugh at a neck without a wen; this Abbé, I ſay, thinks it very hard the French ſhould be denied a taſte for muſick, when they are allowed to excel in all other arts. Might I aſk him what art he means? Is it painting? I believe it demonſtrable, that from the days of *John Couſin* to ours, the bulk of the French have been abſolute barbarians in painting. Take away *Pouſſin*, who could not live under the French ſky, and may be conſidered as an Italian, with *Le Sueur* and *Le Brun*,—all the reſt, their *Vouets*, *Lemoines*, *Mignards*, *Jouvenets*, *Coypels*, *Bouchers*, *Vanloos*, *Pierres*, *Reſtouts* in hiſtory, and their *Rigauds*, *Largillieres*, *Tocques*, in portrait-painting, have

have all held, and their disciples probably will hold, the eel of Science by the tail.——Is it sculpture? If giving a radiant polish to the marble, if to guide the chissel well,—is sculpture,—*Puget*, *Pigal*, *Adam*, and the "*Ons*" are great men.—Is it poetry? Their language never knew nature, and their verse dies without rhyme †. What is it then they excel in?——Dancing, and the great end which all their arts aspire to—Trifling.——

So much on the writings of Rousseau. It is difficult to draw his literary character, yet these seem to be its most striking outlines——He had a clearness and precision of ideas which furnished him with expressions of almost intuitive justness;

† Rousseau's imitation of the first part of *Mitastasio*'s NICE, surpasses the original even in harmony.

juſtneſs; he had not read ſo much as meditated; his talent was to reduce a book to one idea, to encompaſs the ſphere of poſſibilities, and to compare them with exiſtence. Maſter of nature's boldeſt ſtrokes, and all its ſimplicity, he was luxuriant, yet modeſt, and true to virtue, though courted by the paſſions. His delicacy of mind was ſuch, that he would immediately diſcover the moſt remote or diſguiſed reſemblance, or deviation of moral principles. Familiar with man in his different ſtates, he knew his ſprings of activity, his rights, his ſtrength, his foibles. He had beſides, one peculiar advantage over the reſt of thoſe who call themſelves wiſe, that, free of ſyſtems, partiſans, and ſects, he ſteered right onward, ſeized the good and the true with that ſtrength and elegance of fancy, that effuſion of ſentiments which firſt forced him

to write †. Take all together, and you have an elegant and nervous writer, the pureſt moraliſt, the moſt penetrating politician—and a good man.——

Let us now ſee, whether an enquiry into his *conduct* will not deprive him of this laſt epithet.——

* Which might be proved to the "poor in "ſpirit," by the publication of the Letter to Mr. *de Lamoignon.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THERE is, they ſay, a ſtrange oppoſition between Rouſſeau's ſentiments and conduct. What to think of —how to truſt a man who reviles ſcience in all its applications—yet at the ſame time wrenches his mouthful of bread from its hands!—He damns ſcience, they continue, becauſe it deviated into controverſy;——and he tears every day of his life to rags in quarrels!——He reviles the arts, becauſe they are the tool of vice, debaſe the ſoul, enervate man; —and he ſupplies the fiddler with notes, the actreſs with enchantments and coquetry,

quetry, and adds to the ſum of vile pleaſure which the monarch, the rich, and the man in place uſurp upon their duty—! He deſpiſes his cotemporaries for fricaſſéeing virtue and vice,—whilſt he apologizes for drunkenneſs †, brutality, ‖—and writes romances, where it would be as difficult to diſtinguiſh the limits of virtue and vice—as it is in painting to hit the line of abſolute correctneſs. §

Where

† The falſe are ſober.—See Lettre à Mr. d'Alemb. & Nouv. Heloiſe, paſſim.

‖ Do not frighten us ſo much with mere animal life;—there is yet a worſe than a ſavage's name; 'twere better to reſemble a goat, than a fallen angel. Rep. à Mr. Bord, t. i. 248.

§—*On m'aſſure que la diſtance que tu y as miſe entre le vice & la vertu eſt ſi petite, que nos peuples groſſiers auroient peine á diſcerner les bornes.*——— Lettr. du Roi des Chèroquois.—*St. James's Evening*, Nov. 14, 1766.

Where demonſtration is the queſtion, perſonal invectives may be thought by ſome, the moſt abſurd anſwers poſſible. —'Tis matter of indifference, whether Rouſſeau's conduct kept tune with his principles, provided he reaſon'd well.— But in fact, to make ſuch ſtrictures—is, to *let ſlip the dogs of ſatyre*—not on Rouſſeau, but on the age he lives in. †——

Mr. Voltaire, in one of his laſt deliriums *, ridicules it as madneſs—that it ſhould rouſe Rouſſeau's indignation to ſee him intoxicate Geneva with actreſſes, *coups de theatre*, and limbeck'd ſentiments;—

† *Il eſt vray qu'on pourroit dire quelque jour: cet ennemi ſi déclaré des ſciences et des arts, fit pourtant & publia aes pieces de Thèatre; et ce diſcours ſera, je l'avoue, une ſatire très amère, non de moi, mais de mon ſiecle.*—Pref. de Narc. t. ii. 376.

* Lettre à Mr. Hume, 5.

ments—whilſt the author of *Narciſſus* had riſked the damnation of that entertainment, and all the immoral conſequences of his applauded *Devin*——at Paris.——

Rakes, bucks, bloods, beaux, connoiſſeurs, belles, flirts, quality, and mob of pleaſure—heads lined with *Cotale's* and *Cotalina's*——ſons and daughters of metropolitan ſentiments, and ſophiſticated nature——how often muſt your champions be arraigned for high treaſon againſt your ſublime conſtitutions and privileges?——Can the reptile joys of a bee rival the lion's coloſſal pleaſures?——Can Zug and Geneva toaſt with Paris and London?——

That which has made you bold, will make them drunk;
What gave you fire, will quench them!

Rouſſeau is blamed for his polemic turn.—I ſhall quote in anſwer, a M S of which now and then I have made ſome uſe.——" The character of author is, in " my eyes, not a very eminent one. " *Kleinyogg* appears to me greater than " *Eüler* *. How often have I repented " of that impetuoſity of nature, by " which I was hurled into the midſt of " literary rage!—It exaſperated my " heart, broke in upon my peace of " mind, happineſs vaniſhed in the noiſe. " —I ſtopped—and rather preferred to " be torn to tatters,—to be dragged in " the mire of my adverſaries—than to " ſacrifice to them my tranquility. Not " a quarrel under Heaven has ever been quitted

* *Kleinyogg*, a huſbandman of the canton of Zuric—*Eüler* the calculator——————————

————a Baſil man.

" quitted by its parties, on conviction:--
" to enter the liſts coſts nothing;—
" but all to quit them.——Yet there
" are caſes where *honeſty* muſt ſpeak: the
" Letter to the Biſhop of Paris is a per-
" ſonal defence, and every man is
" obliged to defend his honour and his
" conſcience.——"

Some have had a pluck at his cap—his furrs—drawers.—Good God! have ye not been told he could not wear breeches?——Beſides, in this country, where a man and his pig may look at any thing—every foreigner ſhould have ſomething about him to put you in mind of your gaping privilege.——" Li-
" berty is the right of man;—fear not
" to ſtand alone, familiariſe yourſelf
" even with oddneſs—if your duty or

" neceſſity call you up to both.--I do not " follow the great number in little " things, to accuſtom myſelf not to be " their ſlave in great ones." *

" 'Tis with reluctance—but I *muſt* " ſay it—this affectation of miſery and " extreme poverty, is only a mean but " ſucceſsful trick of Mr. Rouſſeau's " quackery, to make himſelf an object of " intereſt, and to excite the commiſera- " tion of the public.——" †

Confeſs, that notwithſtanding its humane delivery, this charge has a hanging look;—the mouth of an enemy could hardly have brought it more civilly.—

It was however known when it was brought, that Rouſſeau had refuſed the preſents

* M S on R. † Expoſé, 10.

preſents of Mme *de Pompadour*, and whatever the ill-timed pride of thoſe who employed him in copying muſic would have called generoſity *——— It was known that he refuſed a *real* penſion from the King of Pruſſia, whilſt he condeſcended to accept (whether directly or indirectly matters not) of 300 livres a year from his bookſeller——Have we not his word for it, that his pen was courted by the Janſeniſts?—§ and what could he have wanted, had he ſubmitted to its proſtitution?—Is not Mr. Voltaire

 witneſs

* *Tout doit etre payé ou gagné chez lui. Que le Roi de Pruſſe lui offrit une penſion, ou que ſon libraire lui voulut faire une douceur, qu'un voiſin lui envoye un plat de poiſſon ou que la Marquiſe lui fit un préſent—tout cela lui eſt parfaitement égal*——M S on R.——————There is extravagance for ye!——

§ *Pour n'avoir point voulu prendre la plume contre les Jeſuites*——Lettr. à Beaum. Oeuv. t. vi. 245.

witneſs that he refuſed his offers of an elegant retirement—becauſe he would owe nothing to the enemy of his country?—* Did he not himſelf tell Mr. Hume, that he looked upon the endeavours of his providential parſimony, and all the ingenious tricks of his and his friends great minds—as uſeleſs—becauſe his pocket was in no want of them—? Does he not tell you, that he carried his bread over with him? ‡——How can he then with theſe marks of ſupercilious independence about him—be charged with the inſinuating *beggariſms* of a crafty *pickheart?*——

But I underſtand;—'tis his expreſſions you cannot digeſt.—To call one's enemies —enemies—or one's bread—bread—is equally

* Lettr. à Mr. Hume, 6.

‡ Expoſé, 56——

equally odious.--A man who plainly ſays, I write for bread—conveys the idea of garrets, rags, brats, hunger, and all the vermin of miſery to the firſt floors of life.—Cuſtom and experience have indeed given their ſanction to the vulgar acceptation of that phraſe;--but the caſe before us is an abſolute exception.—Is the labourer who ſhuts his door on opulence, ſuppoſe Virtue to guide his hand——an object of pity?—Was *Curius* to be commended to your commiſeration, becauſe the Samnites ſtopped their noſes at his onions and garlicks?——

——Beſides,—the great number—the rabble if you will, cannot conceive reality beyond the groſs outlines of conſcience and honour.—The refined tale of moral ſenſe is nonſenſe in their ear;—they with *Veſpaſian* enjoy the ſmell of cham-

ber-pot taxes.—Go then and tell them —you ſtarve—becauſe you ſcorn to intercept the purſe deſtined for the palm of indigence; becauſe you deſpiſe to creep, only to trample on; becauſe you are too humane to beam in the hand of party-rage or cabal—Tell them ſo;—but thank your ſtars—if the grave and buſy bring in their verdict—lunacy only;—if the politician and philoſopher content themſelves with damning you for a paradox-monger and ſenſe-gelder;—if print-ſhops exhibit ye but for a ſavage;—and poets whiſper you, that ſuch fictions might have ſuited the days of beardleſs Jupiter, but now

Are ſomewhat late for being ſo primitive.——

If the letter written to Mr. *Clairaut* * concerning the *Muſical Dictionary*, proves

* Expoſé, 9.

proves Rouſſeau a quack, I can ſee no reaſon why it may not prove him likewiſe to be the beaſt which Daniel ſaw pull down the third part of Heaven's ſtars, the Roman republic—or any thing your dreams pleaſe.—The letter to Mr. *Clairaut* has the marks of intimacy—of friendly confidence—and, *in delicacy*, never ought to have been publiſhed.——

The ſubject is a private one. Rouſſeau was at Motiers.—The ſuperſtition of the people ſwelled to outrage by the malice of their Clergy, * ſickneſs, the view of a diſmal futurity, the fluctuation of various ſchemes—had made him very improper

* Expoſé, 6. Their ſuperſtition broke out into formal perſecution; it proved the axiom to be general which was, before Calvin, confined to the Roman Church only—that a prieſt is contagious——See the Letter concerning the Prof. of *Montmollin*—and *Du Peirou's* Letters.——

improper to provide for his preſent wants. ——In theſe low-ſpirited moments he had recourſe to an old performance of his;—and without leiſure or quiet of mind to give it the laſt finiſhing ſtrokes himſelf, he applied to a friend who had officiated for him more than once—What affectation of quackery, I aſk, is in all this?——

'Twould be ridiculous to refute him who could pretend *ſuch a* Letter to have been calculated for publication.—*Clairaut* might eaſily have ſeen, that an abhorrence for obligations, whilſt it was in his own power to relieve himſelf, had determined Rouſſeau to publiſh his book, however imperfect; and no craft ſurely, could foreſee Mr. Hume's future benevolence.——

Con-

Conſidering all which, a ſplenetick man would ſay,—" that if it was not tearing " the boſom of friendſhip—'twas highly " indelicate to ſcatter—and to play with " ſuch a letter as that to Mr. *Clairaut*;-- " and that not he who owns the diſeaſe " —but he who brags of curing—is the " quack."———

How little indeed Rouſſeau wanted to impoſe upon the public from that ſide, may be enforced by the following epiſtolary fragment. *

" I muſt at preſent talk to you of my " book-ſellers—and I ſhall begin with " Mr. P———. I know not whether my " book ſold at his ſhop or not, for every " time I aſked him how the ſale went " on,

* Oeuvr. t. ii. 329. Lettre écrite de Montmorency, 1759.

" on, he anſwered me, Pretty well; and " that was all I could get from him.--He " never gave me a ſhilling for my Firſt " Diſcourſe, nor ever made me the leaſt " preſent, if I except a few copies for " my friends. I treated with him for " the muſic of the *Devin* on the footing " of 500 livres, half books, half money, " which he engaged himſelf to pay ſuc- " ceſſively :—he did not keep his word, " and I was obliged to run a long while " after my 250 livres.

" My Dutch bookſeller I always have " found to be an exact, attentive, honeſt " man. I demanded 25 louis of him " for my Diſcourſe on Inequality, " which he gave directly, and beſides " that, preſented my gouvernante with a " robe. I aſked 30 louis for my Letter " to Mr. *D'Alembert:* he paid them on

" the

" the ſpot.—At that time he made
" neither to me nor her a preſent, nor
" was he obliged to do it ;—but he has
" given me a pleaſure which I never re-
" ceived from the other, by freely de-
" claring, that he dealed to his advan-
" tage with me.—Theſe, my friend, are
" facts ; and who ſpeaks to the contrary,
" ſpeaks not true.——

" If thoſe, who tax me with intereſted
" views, mean by that, that I ſhould not
" be pleaſed to ſee myſelf deprived of
" the little I get,—they are right; and it
" is clear, that I cannot appear diſin-
" tereſted in their eyes, unleſs I ſuffer
" myſelf to be ſtarved. If they mean
" by it, that all reſources are equally
" good for me—that, provided the mo-
" ney comes—I little trouble myſelf
" about the how—I believe them wrong.

" —If

" —If I were leſs ſcrupulous about the
" means of acquiring, loſſes would leſs
" affect me. Robbers are ſpendthrifts;
" but to ſee the profits of my labour
" given to the winds—cruelly diſtreſſes
" me, becauſe it coſts me ſo much to re-
" pair them; and I muſt think it hard
" to have not even the liberty of com-
" plaints. The Public of Paris has
" long ſince ſet up a J. James of his
" own making, on whom his liberal
" hand pours bounties unknown to the
" J. James of *Montmorency*. Infirm and
" ſick three quarters of the year, I muſt
" by the products of the fourth make
" amends for all.—Thoſe who eat the
" bread of honeſty, know its price, and
" cannot wonder at a parſimony by
" which I ſubſiſt."——

If the ſimplicity of this paſſage was not

not calculated for giving you an idea of eaſe and elegance of life *à la Pope*—yet it does not invade your bowels with the miſery of *Otway*.—'Tis ſtill the *Salillum*, the *leves malvæ*, the *cicorea* of *Horace*.——Read his ideal deſcription * of the enjoyment of riches, if ſo lean a word as deſcription can come up to the luxuriance of

* Emile, iii. 355.——"You'll tell me that "ſuch amuſements may be had by every body; "that to enjoy them it is not neceſſary to be "rich—and that's preciſely what I wanted. We "*have* pleaſure when we *will* have it;—'tis opi- "nion only that makes every thing difficult, and "tantaliſes us with happineſs; and it is a hun- "dred times eaſier to *be* happy, than to *ſeem* ſo. "The man of taſte and real deſires wants no "riches; let him only be free, and maſter of him- "ſelf—let him who has health and the neceſſa- "ries of life, tear from his heart the goods of "opinion—and he is rich enough:—'tis the gol- "den mediocrity of Horace: and ye, Fillpots, "employ your opulence for ſomething elſe, to "pleaſure it has no pretence ——————." Is this a beggar's language?

of nature in the Idyllium——read it and tell me, whether its flow of genial images, which ſooths deſire, and inſinuates contentment to the mind, does not ſpeak the ſerenity of the author's ſoul?

But if Rouſſeau was above diſplaying ſelf-created poverty—who denies, that he eternally enumerates the *ſtings and arrows of outrageous fortune*—wafts us in his *ſea of troubles*——weds us to horror? What's virtue if not a combat? What's the philoſopher without courage?

I might ſimply anſwer, that Rouſſeau never boaſted of having ſunk the man in the philoſopher; that, provided we dare to be what is vulgarly called unhappy, for virtue's ſake, it matters little whether or not a ſplenetick complaint gets now and then the better of our fortitude: but by ſuch an anſwer I ſhould no more do

juſtice

juſtice to Rouſſeau's ſenſibility than thoſe do to Epictetus's, who aſcribe his contempt of pain to mere ſtoick pride. It has been ſhewn that poverty was no evil with Rouſſeau; and thoſe who have had opportunities of converſing with him in his worſt ſtates of health, know, that he was ſuperior to comfort *, and even to the

 ſooth-

* Rouſſeau montre la Conſtance la plus etonnante dans des tourmens qu'il endure de la part d'un mal inveteré, et revenant toujours à la charge. Il n'a recours " qui à une bonne ptiſane de pa- " tience" tous les autres arts après des nombreuſes experiences, lui ayant paru illuſoires. Mais l'homme n'étant point fait pour refléchir dans un tems où tout derange & etourdit les organes de ſa reflection, ſa Conſtance dans les tourmens ne prouve rien à ſes yeux, ſi ce n'eſt une imagination vivement ebranlée par la préſence de tels ou tels objets.—M S on Rouſſeau. Which is to ſay, As the ſigns of outward ſorrow vaniſh in enormous grief, ſo the voice may be ſuffocated by bodily pain, and the ſufferer be numbed to apparent tranquility.

ſoothing compaſſion of friendſhip. Pain was not the cloud which could caſt a gloom over his ſpirit.—It was benevolence diſappointed that threw him into agonies.——To be conſcious that humanity was the conſtant ſpring of our actions; to ſupport a life of diſtreſs for others, for religion, and the rights of man; to deſpiſe all other views, refuſe all other rewards, hope for no other ſucceſs!—and for this to be ſtigmatiſed, exiled, perſecuted; for this to be ranked with impoſtors, publick empoiſoners, and all the abortions of crime!——to ſee all thoſe that meddle with virtue in theory or practice united againſt you!——muſt not ſuch a conſequence ſhew human nature to you in thoſe abominable ſhades from which the beſt of all ages ſhrunk back—? Yet are the complaints

of

of Rouſſeau unſullied with clamorous abuſe, revenge, or hatred;—they are the accents of pure woe, ſuch as friendſhip utters over irreclaimable vice.——

CHAP. IX. *

IT is clear that an utter ignorance of the private and public manners of the Engliſh was the firſt foundation of Rouſſeau's ſuſpicions. He ſhould have known that the *Engliſh* † have no compliments

* The writer of the two following chapters knows that their ſubject has been looked upon as a very fit one for ridicule; but he is determined to give it all the importance of Elizabeth Canning's caſe, or of the D**** of M********'s quart-bottle; by the firſt of which the nature of evidence, as by the other that of enthuſiaſm, have been aſcertained.

† "I have no local attachments: it is indifferent

pliments for their friends;——hence the pretended neglect of ſalutations:—that they are extremely ſhy to addreſs, or to enter into converſation with a foreigner, even if he ſpeaks the language—that their ſhyneſs increaſes in proportion, if he does not;—hence many awkwardneſſes of conduct, and the cold looks of his landladies:—He ſhould have known that the public papers are the hobby-horſe of the nation—whilſt at the ſame time they are the bog of the public;—hence he ſhould have laughed at their contents, equally inſenſible of their encomiums and ſcandal.—How could *he*, had it not been for his utter ignorance of Engliſh

 cuſtoms,

" ferent to me, whether a man was rocked in " his cradle on this ſide or that ſide of the " Tweed.——Deteſted be national reflections! " —They are unjuſt, groundleſs, illiberal, un- " manly."——Mr. P** on the S. A.

cuſtoms, how could *he* ever have ventured to build his fame and character—on *corruption?*—on a *cancer?*—for ſuch, news-papers might perhaps be demonſtrated to be for England—together with all magazines—if it is true, that the nations which are really free—thoſe characters that are moſt virtuous — or of real literary merit—ſcorn to promulgate what they enjoy, leave licence to ſuch as can *only cry* for liberty, and tattle to parrots encaged, and cooped-up magpies.

From the ſame dark ignorance it came—that when Rouſſeau could ſuſpect Mr. *Hume* of a blow—he was weak enough to imagine it was ſtruck in papers and magazines—once more—as if *they* could have conveyed prejudices and contempt for *him*, to his *readers!*

The

The only ſtroke attempted, and even that indirectly, is at the head of the preface to their conteſt. Thoſe that alone are intitled to judge of the conteſts of genius and virtue, ſcorn all tinſel ornaments, and claim the right of ſeeing their object naked.——Their laws are thoſe of the Areopagus. No advocate, no aſſiſtant is ſuffered—for their endeavours —their eloquence can only throw ſuſpicion on what they attempt to clear of it. Hence I believe that thoſe pappy commendations of Mr. Hume—"*his love* "*for peace, his ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of* "*manners, his uprightneſs, his candour and* "*goodneſs, and the characteriſtic modeſty of* "*his writings,*" † at the head of a work

† Avertiſement, p. 3. Des moeurs douces et ſimples, beaucoup de droiture, de candeur & de bonté; et la moderation de ſon caractere ſe peint dans ſes ecrits.——

work compiled by him, were looked upon as ſo many impertinences of the publiſher, as the dotage of ſome monkey-friend that hugs his whelp into ſuffocation—; and that Mr. Hume himſelf deſpiſes them almoſt down to the notes of his tranſlator; and perhaps, till it was too late, was as ignorant of them as the hand of honeſty is of a bribe.——

If this was not the caſe, I would propoſe to have theſe compliments weighed with the bold draughts upon poſterity, and the ſtatue-ſchemes of his late friend, —to find by how many ounces of *modeſty* they outweigh them.——

But let us go on: To this ignorance of Engliſh manners in retail, that puſillanimity perhaps too is owing, which is betrayed by his, "What have I done

to

" to Lord Littleton * ? what to Mr. " Walpole? Why have I an enemy in " England? why are my enemies Mr. " Hume's friends?" Hence the apprehenſions of being ſlain in puny battle—ſo childiſhly mean in that moſt intrepid of mortals—in the man, who with ſuch ſuperior contempt can look down on the two harlequin letters of *Voltaire*—more dreadful, however, than all he could fear from thoſe of the King of Pruſſia or the Cherokee-chief, if he was afraid of being on ill terms with the million.

'Tis not out of the way to trace here that turkey-rage of the Count of *Tournay* ‡ againſt *J. J. Rouſſeau*, to its origin.

—Some

* Expoſé, 90.——

‡ *A. Maria Arouet de Voltaire—Comte de Tournay, Gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du Roi.*

—Some aſcribe it to that very name, which, they ſay, does him ſtill the ſervice of a red cloak or a hiſs *;—and others lay it to the charge of "Man's quadrupe-"diſm" aſſerted, as they pretend, in the Treatiſe on Inequality, which he eſpouſed as his own cauſe, and treated as a ſcandalous libel againſt a gentleman in ordinary to the King.——

That they were on terms of friendſhip and mutual eſteem once, may be preſumed from ſeveral paſſages of Rouſſeau's, expatiating on his poetic talents, in the Diſcourſe on the Sciences, and the Letter to Mr. *d'Alembert*. But to allow *Arouet* poetry only—is too haughty an homage done to that univerſal genius, which, in ſpite of nature, he has ſo long buſtled

* You may have heard of J. Baptiſt Rouſſeau, the poet.

buſtled for. To ingratiate yourſelf with *him*, you muſt as well dream of having encountered him on Newton's, Tacitus', and Plato's road, as of having ſeen him dead-drunk from Hippocrene, joſtle Sophocles and Shakeſpear. Then perhaps he may now and then condeſcend to ſay ſomething very pretty of ye, till you are rude enough to diſplay ſuperior parts—and to cut down a harveſt which he meant for his own ſcythe.——

From ſuch an impertinent refuſal of vaſſalage, Rouſſeau, 'tis moſt likely, forfeited his favour.——I would have you to know that *Arouet* believes in God;——and to give the due praiſe of diſintereſtedneſs and generoſity to his faith——believes in God, though he has proved that *his* God is the Devil.——

One

One of the liberal treatiſes in which he ſet forth that comfortable and philoſophic principle, is his poem on the diſaſter of Liſbon: he thought, a man who had enough experienced what we call the devil in this world—could not but embrace his opinion;—and he therefore took care of ſending it to Rouſſeau—by way of anodyne.

But Rouſſeau did not think that ſucceſs on the ſtage could authorize a player to dethrone God.—He in his anſwer treated him with that pity he deſerved—and gave him plainly to underſtand, that a chamberpot cannot arraign its maker.——

There is in that admirable letter a ſerenity of mind, a force of argument, a ſpirit, eaſe, and elegance of expreſſion, which

range

range it with the maſterpieces of humanity. The parallel between him and *Arouet*, it ſerves my purpoſe to tranſlate here:

" And here, ſir, I cannot help taking " notice of a very ſingular oppoſition " between you and me, with regard to " the motive of this letter. Cloyed with " fame, undeceived by the vanity of " grandeur, you repoſe on the boſom of " fortune.—Sure of immortality, you " reaſon at your eaſe on the nature of " the ſoul; and whether your body or " heart ſuffers, Tronchin is your phyſi- " cian and your friend ‡; — and yet " *evil* is all you find on this earth: " whilſt I, obſcure, poor, and irrecover- " ably ſick, meditate with pleaſure in my

‡ Tronchin the Juggler.——Expoſé, p. 67.

" my retirement, and find that whatever
" is, is good. Whence theſe ſeeming
" contradictions? You have explained
" it yourſelf.—You enjoy—I hope—
" and hope embelliſhes all." §

This was too glaring a truth to be ever forgiven; from that inſtant he was dignified with the titles of enemy of mankind, and melancholy fool.—Julia became a cinder-wench, and Emilius a joiner; the fiddlers were ſent after him under the very petticoats of * Madem. D*****; and tho' the Count had not power enough to perſecute him in his own country—he calumniated, he defamed

§ See in the collection of Letters to and from *Voltaire*, his Letter on Graſſet, the Bookſeller, to *Haller*, and the Anſwer.

* Gentle Reader, I cannot dirty my fingers with an explanatory note; you muſt take my word for it.

famed him;—and that nobody might doubt the fact, he ordered the author of the *Pucelle* to deny it.——

Thus was he ſplaſhing about him, when Rouſſeau, to divert himſelf a moment from the graver ſubjects of his Letters from the Mountain, took new notice of his old acquaintance, and ſtroking him a little in Lucian's manner, made him harangue his flock of Geneva thus: †

" Gentlemen,

† Lettre de la Mont. l. V. p. 297. There was a time when Geneva was deteſted by the Count like its Apoſtle; to whom he introduces you (Pucelle, c. v.) as he is boiling in an infernal cauldron, and then goes on thus:

A ſon regard farouche, atrabilaire,
On connoiſſoit de l'orgéuilleux ſectaire
Le mauvais coeur, l'eſprit intolérant,
L'ame jalouſe & digne d'un tyran.
Tout en cuiſant il ſembloit être encore
Dans ſa cité, qu'un galant homme abhorre
Etque redoute un eſprit dégagé
Des contes vieux & du ſot prejugé.——

" Gentlemen, 'tis not the reaſoners
" who do miſchief, 'tis the hypocrites.
" Let philoſophy talk away — the peo-
" ple either does not hear it, or lets it
" talk, and deſpiſes it as heartily as he
" is deſpiſed by it. Of all human fol-
" lies, reaſoning is the moſt harmleſs;
" 'tis ſometimes the hobby-horſe of
" the good and wiſe. 'Tis true, I reaſon
" not—but there can be no harm if
" others do.—Look for inſtance at ſuch,
" and ſuch, and ſuch a book;—do they
" contain nothing but jokes? Even I,
" if I reaſon not, do ſomething more to
" the purpoſe;—I make my readers rea-
" ſon for me.—There is now my chapter
" on the Jews, and the ſame chapter il-
" luſtrated in the Sermon of the 50;—is
" not that reaſoning, or its equivalent?
" Confeſs—they contain but few ambi-
" guities,

" guities, and ſomething more than ran-
" dom ſtrokes or pleaſantry.

" A word in your ear. If my great
" credit at court, and that pretended
" omnipotence of mine, ſcreen ye for li-
" cenſing the funny flutters of my old
" age to run in peace amongſt ye—'tis
" going out of your depth to burn
" graver writings.

" How have not I preached tolera-
" tion! To be ſure—who cries for it in
" others, ſhould have ſome ſmall reliſh
" of it himſelf.—That poor fellow be-
" lieves in God—Paſs that—he won't
" make a ſect; he is tireſome,—'tis the
" blind ſide of all reaſoners. He ſhall
" not be of our ſuppers—that's enough.
" If you would burn all tireſome books,
" what would become of the libraries?
" If you burn all tireſome fellows,—the

" whole country will be a bonfire. Be-
" lieve me, let thoſe reaſon who let us
" joke.—Burn neither folks nor books
" —and be quiet——ſo ſay I."

The hand of revenge ſtrikes not thus. Why would *Arouet*, the ſon of toleration, the jollieſt bottle that ever gurgled on the ocean of being—why would not he take it as a charitable hint towards conſiſtence between his actions and faith? 'Twas certainly his intereſt—infinitely more his intereſt than to feaſt on the *bones* of Manicheiſm.—'Twould have looked ſomewhat like a man to deſpiſe that laſt abortion of a ſnuff-burnt fancy—and turn at once the truſty champion and loyal knight of GOD-CHANCE.——

But by Pan! inſtead of taking the joke--he fell into convulſions;--he luſted to have an *Italian* kick at the Secretary of

of the Embaſſy at *Venice*—(a kick he always ſeems to have been fond of) ‡—. But like the Iroquois lady brought to bed by the hot whim of ſucking the bladder of a Huron, * then roaſting, he in the very attempt was delivered of twins. †

The children being of unnatural ſize —as they burſt into life—forced his ſoul out of the door, through which, as we are informed, § that of a poor ſick huſband was once compelled to retreat, by his devil's of a wife ſeating herſelf on his mouth.——

‡ See his Letter to *Baillon*, Intendant of Lyons; of which he commends the bearer for his ſubmiſſion to kicks—the only quality perhaps which could reconcile a Jew to him. See alſo Dict. Port.——Amour, &c.

* See Lebeau's Canada.

† Le Docteur Panſophe & Lettre à Mr. Hume.

§ See *Aretin's Ragionamenti* on front and back doors, b. i. g. 11.

CHAP. X.

TO his ignorance——But as we are now converſing with ignorance—what ſhall we do to reſcue his ſecretary-ſhip at Venice? Nothing at all——*.

To.

* In the year 1743, I ſaw at Venice a method of fortune telling rather new, and more extraordinary than that of Prénéſte. He who wanted to conſult it, entered a room, and ſtaid there, quite alone if he choſe it.—Out of a book of blank leaves in that room, he took which leaf he pleaſed;—and holding it in his hand he made his queſtion, not loud but inwardly——then folded his leaf, wrapped it up—ſealed it, and put it in a book—upon which he repeated certain queer formulas, without ever loſing ſight of his book—took the paper out, examined the ſeal, and found his anſwer written.——The magician, who thus could read your

To his ignorance of Engliſh habits and manners—I think a temper ſuſpicious (however honeſt)—may be given as the ſecond cauſe of a conduct ſeemingly unaccountable.

We all know, that after his opera-prologue he began the tragedy with *Emile*; torn and burnt becauſe it was declared to contain the deteſtable dogmas of the religion of nature by the parliament, and thoſe of irreligion and downright atheiſm — by the biſhop of Paris.—The author eſcaped the horrors of *force* to repoſe in a country—which he had honoured, defended, inſtructed.——He was forbid

 it.

your heart, was firſt ſecretary of the French ambaſſador——his name J. J. Rouſſeau. Let. de la Mont. iii. 136.

it.——He was expelled Switzerland†—and even the king of Pruſſia could hardly diſentangle him from the claws of Calvin's crew.—He was forced to take ſanctuary among thoſe whoſe principle is, *not* to tolerate from the rage of thoſe who can have no religion *without* toleration.—And at *Straſbourg* he determined to put an end to all his vexations, and to throw himſelf into the extended arms of the only country of common ſenſe and liberty.——

If you throw a glance at him in that period of his life, you will find him happy

† The Roman Cantons are the ſtews of civil anarchy and church-ſlavery——Lucern only excepted, which inclines to ariſtocracy.—There is liberty only among the Proteſtant.—But Berne has modelled her's upon the lion on St. Mark's place at Venice——and Zurich threatens to kick the beam.——

happy—whether the ruling principle of his character be vanity or virtue.——

Was it vanity?——He enjoyed all its triumphs: his lot was caſt when he commenced author—Fame was to atone for the loſs of quiet, eaſe, friendſhip, and all the bliſs confined to life's more ſequeſtered ſtates.—Perſecution—diſtreſs—had been his theatre;—he was himſelf alone, his ſelf-conſequence was ſatisfied.—He ſaw an unnatural mother-country deſpiſed and puniſhed for her lawleſs and daſtardly conduct,—and philoſophic opulence opened the moſt flattering proſpects to his future days.

Was it virtue?——He felt all thy ſilent joys, Conſcience! He had ſealed his adoration for truth with his life——he had fulfilled all the duties of a citizen—and in quitting his country had ſtabbed

the tyrant that made it unworthy of him. ——He was conſecrated to the heart of the good;——and whatever prejudice, envy, or cabal, had aſſerted of his parts, his name had preſerved all its primitive purity.

But this purity of name was what involved him in misfortunes yet unexperienced, and made a character problematic, which had been exerted to gain the confidence of mankind. Perſuaded that his enemies would laſt with his life, and only change the weapons he had foiled for better ones;—that thoſe who could not level him to their talents would attempt to debaſe him to their principles;—and that his name was *now* the only aſſailable thing about him—which he could not hope to ſee attacked by fair or diſcoverable means;——he, exhauſted,

ed, and unequal to the viſionary taſk, grew anxiouſly ſuſpicious of the world around him, and ſuffering the prudence of virtue to be ſwallowed by puſillanimous ſcrupuloſity, made it a duty to be for ever on the alarm,—to lie on the torture of a reſtleſs fancy—to fear all in order to ward all.—Thus creating monſters of his own—he ſunk under his own blows, and betrayed himſelf, to exchange for the *baſeleſs fabric of a viſion*, the ſolid merit of generoſity and gratitude.*

Such

* J'y trouve avec toute la prudence de la vertu les ſcrupules d'une ame craintive qui ſe fait un devoir de s'epouvanter, et croit qu'il faut tout craindre pour ſe garantir de tout. Cette extreme timidité a ſon danger ainſi qu'une confiance excéſſive. En nous montrant ſans ceſſe des monſtres ou il n'y en a point, elle nous epuiſe a combattre des chimeres, & a force de nous effaroucher ſans ſujet, elle nous tient moins en garde contre les perils veritables, et nous les laiſſe moins diſcerner.——

Ou veux tu fuir? le phantome eſt dans ton coeur!

Nouv. Hel. iv. 200.

Such ſenſibility ſome may call *pride*—and give *jealouſy* or *envy*, if they will, for the cauſe of his rupture with Mr. Hume. They may alledge, that for the man who was not aſhamed to ſay, that if there were in Europe one government of common ſenſe or honeſty, the author of Emile would have had ſtatues erected to him—for the man who centers all human importance in himſelf—that for a ſoul ſo ferociouſly Roman, every rival of fame is a Carthaginian—and every obligation of benevolence a red-hot coal.——

The author of Emile may be forgiven, or condemned with *Horace*.† But I cannot

* Exegi monumentum ære perennius—was pronounced by the ſame muſe that owned herſelf frightened at the cataracts of Pindar.—If it has not been ſaid, I do not repeat it—Modeſty has been miſtaken for pride—The bluntest characters

not yet ſee from what motive of jealouſy (for envy I cannot think a proper term here) or rivalſhip he could have refuſed the ſervices of Mr. Hume?——Without either ſkill or inclination to caſt them in a critical balance, I allow that difference of language does not bar emulation from thoſe that write for mankind.—But if it did work upon Rouſſeau, why did it begin ſo late? Was Mr. Hume of leſs literary or moral fame when he offered his friendſhip, and when it was accepted with ſuch tranſports? If the one was a witneſs of his patron's credit in England, was not the other the ſame of his client's in France?——In a word, was it not to Mr. Hume's very importance in his own country he truſted himſelf?—Let us then

racters are not the proudeſt, nor thoſe the lewdeſt who call things by their names.——

then hear no more of jealouſy and literary pride.

If, beſides the cauſes given, there was yet another co-operating—'twas the difference of their tempers and principles. Virtue indeed is independent of modes and whims, illocal, ſimple, unalterable: but not ſo thoſe who call themſelves its votaries——if not the ſlaves, at leaſt influenced by temper, education, prejudices, talents, life.—Some feel it, ſome deduct it from reaſon—Of ſome it accompanies, of others it guides the life—Some want it in full dreſs, ſome plain.—*Ariſtippus* admires it at *Alexander*'s table, *Archimedes* runs naked after it through the ſtreets—— *Socrates* practiſes, *Plato* teaches it—Some clothe it with mortality; others, with *Ulyſſes*, find its phantom only among the Cimmerians.—It floats on motives, intereſts, circumſtances, characters, errors—Miſ-

conſtrued,

conſtrued, miſaplied, it often founders on chance, trifles, whims, faſhion.--There is a blackguard, and there is a genteel virtue. —Some can have its dignity, others its honeſty only;—moſt cannot have it at all. ——What wonder, if in that eternal rotation of accidents, its effects are at beſt but deſultory—and its real preſence often eſcapes your eyes——?

Thus, from experience I look'd on the general practice of virtue—and from its very beginning augured but indifferently of the duration of Mr Hume's and Rouſſeau's intimacy.——Than them the elements never framed two more different characters.—Their diſparity is ſuch, that they could continue friends —from the poles only.

The one, warm—of genial organs, but much too irritably ſtrung—apt to receive and to make ſudden impreſſions —ſenti-

—ſentimental: with a fancy ever on the wing, and yet a head fitted to trace the flow of things to their ſource—hence melancholy: impatient of conſtraint—hence to indiſcretion the ſlave of what truths he diſcovered, or ſeemed to diſcover: to exceſs fond of independence—hence incapable of affairs, with all the talents, and unfit for connexions, with all the qualities for them:——a man in the theory, a child in the practice of life.——

The other, c———.

But why draw characters? If Rouſſeau was a knave, he was a fool.

Let me repeat here what a man who knew him ſaid, with regard to his quarrels, * *Rouſſeau may be played upon, abuſed,*

‡ *Rouſſeau* ſera joué, abuſé, peut ſe tromper, peut

ed, may be miſtaken, wrongheaded, but will never be directly carried away to evil. If he was wrong in his quarrel with Mr. Hume, and I believe he was, he was ſo on ſelf-demonſtration——On concluſions never to be ſhaken, grant the premiſes:——and thoſe being unqueſtionably clear to him, all the reſt of his behaviour was great and diſintereſted.—— There are letters of his at Paris, in which he mentions Mr. Hume without emotion, ſlander, or indignation: "*I am told Mr. Hume calls me a vile ſcoundrel*‡; *I ſhould be one if I knew how to anſwer ſuch a title.*"——

I have heard him damned for being offered a penſion, and damned for refuſing

peut avoir de l'humeur, mais ſera jamais porté directement au mal.——MS. on R.

† *Une vile canaille.*——Let. MS.

fuſing it——The laſt, to be ſure, was quite in the *Armenian taſte.*——

He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of comely virtues——;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardice,
An honour in him which buys out his fault;
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe—
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

THE END.

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Throughout the book, the quotations from Rouſſeau's works, refer the reader to the edition in xvi. vol. in 8vo. Neuſchatel, 1764, &c.